

PRO BASKETBALL '79

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 15, 1979 \$1.25

IS THIS BILL WALTON?

**You better believe it,
and he's rarin' to play
center for San Diego**





Century limited Sedan.



Electra.



300S.



Riviera.



LeSabre Sport Coupe.



Regal.



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Powered by a standard 3.8 liter V-6, it looks very much like a little limousine. Evidence to the contrary, however, is proudly displayed on the price sticker.

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EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
20	27	362	488

The New Electra. The first and only traditional American luxury car powered by a V-6 engine. The *4.1 liter is an engine of remarkable efficiency, as shown below.

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17	23	425	575

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EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
18	24	450	600

The New Riviera. An automobile so incredible that people who could buy almost any car in the world, are driving Rivieras.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
15	22	315	462

The New Regal. The Regal is one of the most popular Buicks ever. In fact, at this writing, it is one of the 10 best selling cars in America.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
20	27	362	488

The New Skyhawk. It took off five years ago, and it's still flying high. Because it's still a lot of fun. And a lot of function.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
15	24	277	444

The New Skylark. Last April, we summed up this remarkable front-wheel-drive package by noting that it just might be the perfect car for you. And judging by sales figures, it seems a lot of you are very much in agreement.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
24	38	336	532

The New Electra Estate Wagon. Luxurious, elegant, and prestigious as an Electra. But with 87.9 cubic feet of cargo capacity. Its list of standard

equipment is impressive, and includes the *4.9 liter V-8. And among the options available to you, here again, in 1980, you'll find the 5.7 liter diesel V-8 (Diesel engine not available in California at time of printing. See your dealer for availability.)

Does all this make you think that in 1980, buying or leasing a Buick might be a very good idea?

Well, you aren't alone. In fact, you have some friends at Buick who think exactly the same way.



BUICK

Remember: Compare the boxed estimates to the estimated MPG of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on your speed, trip length and weather. Estimated mileage and range will be less in heavy city traffic. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Estimated driving range based on EPA-estimated MPG rating and highway estimates. These range estimates are obtained by multiplying fuel tank capacity by the EPA and highway estimates. Estimates lower in California.

*Not available in California.

Buicks are equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

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*'Enriched Flavor' cigarette ignites whole
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A few years ago, most smokers agreed: low tar meant low taste.

Then along came MERIT and a whole new taste idea called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And the "low tar, low taste" theory was exploded. Exploded with proven taste in a new low tar cigarette.

No other new cigarette in the last 20 years has attracted so many smokers as quickly as MERIT!

It's clear: MERIT taste is changing attitudes towards low tar smoking.

MERIT
Kings & 100's



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 11 mg "tar,"
0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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you're
planning for
your life
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important
than
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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____ (Area code) _____

Age _____

- ☐ In college ☐ In high school
☐ Post college ☐ Post high school

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



PAPANEK AND WALTON SNAP THEMSELVES

In August of last year John Papanek wrote our cover story on Bill Walton's broken left foot and his decision to leave Portland (SI, Aug. 21, 1978). A friendship developed between the two, eventually leading to their decision to spend some time this summer hiking in the Sierras.

"Walton and I grew up similarly, though in different places," says Papanek, who is 27 to Walton's 26. "The social and political questioning he went through at UCLA, I experienced at Michigan, and I found we had similar views on things. The difference, of course, is that he was a basketball star, and his opinions on such subjects as Vietnam got into print. My feelings were not made public. When we graduated, he had a tougher time fitting, with his personality, into the sports world than I did into sports journalism. Journalists seem a little more tolerant than basketball owners.

"We started the Sierra Trail at 7,000 feet, and I was sucking wind from the first step," Papanek recalls. "Bill was cruising up the John Muir Trail, stopping every mile or so for me to catch up. I just kept following those size 17 boot prints. And watching for bear droppings." (A bear in fact did later wipe out their supplies.)

By the second day, Papanek was transcending himself, perhaps because

he'd been eating Walton's health food. "I was tied into Walton's energy," he says. "I was on his heels all the way and felt like one of his teammates being swept along to a championship."

Papanek had brought a new camera with him to document the trip, and the picture on pages 102 and 103 of his story about Walton in this issue is Papanek's, as is the other, on page 106.

"Bill is 6' 11", but he seemed tiny in the mountain setting," Papanek says. "And every time I began to take his picture, he was onto me immediately and shied away from the camera. He felt it was an invasion of his privacy."

Back in San Diego, Walton and his family posed readily for additional photographs, but when it came to the cover shot, Los Angeles-based photographer Peter Read Miller called on another branch of the media, radio station KPRI-FM in San Diego, to set the mood. If Walton had clutched at the sight of Papanek's camera, he was really uncomfortable posing for Miller in that three-piece suit. It might help if he could listen to some music, Walton suggested, and Papanek and Miller agreed. "Tell them what we're doing and they'll know what to play," said Walton as Papanek telephoned the station, and five minutes later a deep deejay voice boomed through the speakers, "Hello to Bill and John and Peter at the Sports Arena. Here's your music..."

"They played Uncle John's Band," says Miller, "and it made for a magic moment. Walton threw back his head and roared, and I went chick. I shot for a few more minutes, but all three of us knew the first would be our cover." It was, it is, and to photographer Miller, to a music-loving redhead, to that deejay on KPRI-FM in San Diego and to a band of musicians called The Dead—SI is Grateful.

Robert F. Sutton

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The whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.



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Which is the play and which is the replay?

The crucial play. The big laugh. The classic line. The thundering climax. The world of television is filled with memorable moments, moments worth experiencing again and again. And thanks to the home video cassette recorder you can.

But the quality of the experience is enhanced when your video cassette recorder produces a copy that is virtually indistinguishable from

the original broadcast. That is the essence of "high fidelity" recording and that is what TDK Super Avilyn video cassettes are all about.

The two television sets show a moment worth saving and sharing. One is an actual closed-circuit broadcast and one is a recording made with a TDK Super Avilyn video cassette. Can you tell which is which?

Whether you record in the VHS or Beta format, you want a cassette capable of producing sharp, bright pictures, bold, true colors and clean sound. And that's the kind of performance you can expect from TDK.

TDK Super Avilyn cassettes helped make the age of home video possible; they were the first good enough to be approved for four-hour use by all the VHS deck manufacturers. And his buffs know the TDK name; the TDK SA audio cassette is the number one selling high fidelity cassette in America. Now video fans can have that kind of quality in a video cassette that will match every great performance with one of its own—TDK Super Avilyn.

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Video Cassettes



High fidelity for the eyes.

TDK ELECTRONICS CORP. GARDEN CITY NEW YORK 11530

Shopwalk

by JOE JARES

BASEBALL IS THEIR FAVORITE SPORT BUT BOOK COLLECTING IS THEIR GAME

Ralph B. Sipper, 47, and Larry Moskowitz, 47, noted rare-book dealers in Santa Barbara, Calif., are trying to collect first editions of every book of baseball fiction ever published in English. And after five years of searching, they have amassed a library that ranges from *Our Base Ball Club* by Noel Brooks (London, 1884), believed to be the first novel principally devoted to the game, to a recent soft-porn paperback called *Making the Team*.

Despite the 124 baseball volumes in their shop, which is called Joseph the Provider in honor of Sipper's grandfather, they are a long way from their goal. The Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y. owns slightly more than 300 fiction titles (many of them not first editions). Anton Groban's *Guide to Baseball Literature* (Gale Research Co., 1975) lists thousands of such works, but Sipper has found that Groban's bibliography overlooks a number of volumes.

One of Sipper's prizes is a first edition of *You Know Me Al* by Ring Lardner (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916), with a well-preserved dust jacket. "I don't remember where I found it," says Sipper, "and it probably didn't cost us more than \$20. I've seen several Lardner collections, but I've never seen this book in a jacket before."

Though Sipper and Moskowitz were baseball fanatics as kids, their collection is more a reflection of their interest in books than in sports. "Baseball has always been the game I liked best," says Sipper, "although I won't say I'm a sports nut anymore. In my travels I would see turn-of-the-century books with a baseball motif embossed on the cover. And one day I bought a couple. I decided to limit the collection to novels and short stories, although I'd love to get a first edition of *Casey at the Bat*. But I can't find one."

"Larry and I want all our first editions to be in fine condition. We're not merely historians of baseball literature; we're rare-book dealers with standards to uphold. After, say, 1930 if a book was published in a dust jacket, as it almost certainly was, we'll pass up a jacketless copy, even if it's otherwise in mint condition."

"I would like to build a collection and see it placed somewhere, so that 100 years from now people can see the cumulative effect all those baseball games had on the imagination of the writers who watched them."

Joseph the Provider, 903 State St., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101

END

Starting out, you need life insurance that's easy to handle.

If you think that you can't afford all the life insurance you need to protect your family, think again.

New York Life, for example, offers a No-Frills Policy with real savings. It's available in limited amounts, up to age 45, and written very simply. That way we can keep your costs easy to handle.

Or consider a New York Life Budget Policy—a special combination of whole life insurance and lower-cost term insurance.

Your New York Life Agent can tell you all about these attractively priced policies and others. Why not call today.

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RCA introduces ColorTrak 1980.

With 8 color systems designed to automatically lock even subtle shades of color on track.

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On ColorTrak 1980, 8 different color systems are designed to work together to give you not just the right color, but the right shades of color, automatically. So you'll be seeing them in all their intensity, all their subtlety.

Twenty-seven different designs, from table models to magnificent pieces of furniture, all meant to give you one thing,

levels in your room and automatically make adjustments on the brightness level to keep colors rich and vivid.



ACCUFILTER
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The Accufilter Picture Tube exists for the same reason you wear sunglasses on a bright, hazy day.

By absorbing reflecting room light, it cuts down glare on the screen. Automatically.

Contrast Circuit. The other involves faulty camera work, which would be the fault of the station, not your set.



AUTOMATIC CONTRAST
COLOR TUNING

Furthermore, when you adjust the contrast, our Automatic Contrast Color Track-ing will adjust and balance the color and brightness for you.

So Accurate, There's No Fine Tuning.

Remember when you had to fine tune your television? Our quartz crystal ChannelLock Tuner is so accurate, you'll never have to fine tune a channel again. Never. It's already been done. Automatically.



CHANNEL LOCK
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Finally, the energy-efficient XtendedLife Chassis offers an advanced power supply teamed up with voltage regulators to help stabilize color. Again automatically.



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All That Remains Is for You to Convince Yourself.

See your RCA Dealer. Experience ColorTrak 1980. A picture unsurpassed in RCA color television history. Compare its ability to capture colors in all their intensity, all their subtlety, with your present color television. We think the decision you make will be... automatic.



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Automatic Color Control electronically monitors and adjusts color, for consistency from program to program, channel to channel. If

the President addresses the nation while wearing a dark blue suit on channel 4, you shouldn't see a light blue suit on channel 7 or a greyish-blue on channel 2.



AUTOMATIC FLESH-TONE
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Automatic Flesh-Tone Correction adjusts flesh-tones so they'll remain natural and consistently lifelike. It prevents strong colors like greens and reds from overpowering the more delicate flesh-tones.

Brightness Monitored Day and Night.

Raising the shades or turning on the lights shouldn't require you to also adjust your television.

The Automatic Light Sensor will keep track of changing light



AUTOMATIC
LIGHT SENSOR



Shown on screen. The actual color reproduction of all designs is variable.

Crisp Detail, Even in High-Contrast Colors.

Our Blacklock Contrast Circuit is designed to maintain picture detail in high-contrast situations. Take the typical autumn football game, where there's a strong contrast between the sunny and the shaded portions of the field. How many times have you lost the ball when it was punted out of the sunlight into the shadows?

And what about the reverse? When the punt return man came out of the shade into the sunlight? Did you lose detail on his white shirt?

There are two causes. One is signal variation, which you can control simply by owning a ColorTrak, with its Blacklock



BLACK LOCK
CONTRAST CIRCUIT

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VIEWPOINT

by DAN WOOD

IT IS NO KICK FOR A SOCCER COACH WHEN HE GIVES SOME KIDS THE BOOT

The phone rings.

"Dan," the timid voice on the other end of the line whispers, "you didn't forget to call me, did you? I didn't make it, did I?"

No, you didn't. I try to explain. I mumble too much and stutter too often, trying desperately to keep talking. I do not want the 12-year-old boy on the other end who needed every ounce of his courage to call me to think I hear him crying.

This was a really tough team to make. I tell him with feigned heartiness. In any other town you'd be on the team for sure. Just keep working hard, and next season things'll probably be different. You'll improve, some boys will move—you'll see. You'll get another chance. Don't give up. You were close. Thanks for trying out. I know you gave your best.

"Yep," is all the devastated youngster can manage to say.

The youth soccer teams I coach have given me innumerable thrills over the past few years: there were state championship seasons and great trips to sunny Florida. We toured Virginia, Canada and Europe. I had the opportunity to participate in the making of a soccer movie and our team had the honor of performing before 75,000 fans at Pelé's farewell match at Giants Stadium in 1977. The highs have been many, but everything—all the good times I've had with my teams—is negated at the beginning of each season when I have to deal with the reality of training the 40 or 50 boys who show up at tryouts to a manageable squad of 18.

The cutting process is an agonizing one. I go home following the final tryout, examine the notes I've taken on each boy and try to figure out which combination will give me the strongest team. The easy part is deciding on the top eight or 10 players whose skills and grace would be apparent to anybody—even to someone who had never seen a soccer ball in his life. Similarly, the eight or 10 least talented boys aren't hard to cut. They usually realize they don't have much of a chance, and they won't be crushed if they aren't selected. At least I like to think so.

It's the large number of borderline players, from among whom I must select the last eight or 10 members of the team, who cause the deepest moments of doubt. So many factors come into play: was the boy on the team last year, and if so, do I reward him for his loyalty and work, or do I give his spot to another boy who is not as good now but might improve more with some coaching? What



One good beer...

Holland's Heineken, America's number one imported beer.

about the youngster on the 10-speed who showed up late to both tryouts: do I penalize him for it, or do I take into consideration the fact that his parents never drive him anywhere and he has to ride his bike all over town? How about the small, quiet kid I've barely noticed but who seems just as skillful as a larger, more outgoing boy: do I take the extrovert, figuring he will fit better into the team concept I'm trying to develop, or do I go with the introvert, hoping the experience will be beneficial to his growth and maturity? There is one boy whose parents have badgered me to make certain I choose their son. Do I surrender to my natural instincts and judge the boy as harshly as I judge his parents, or do I capitulate and choose the poor kid to avoid trouble with his folks—for both of us? All these variables, and scores of others, influence my final selections.

At the last tryout session I had told the kids that I would call those who had made the team by 9:30 that night. My calls are met with shrieks of joy—and often profuse thanks. Don't thank me, I counter, you made the team on your own.

But my happiness for the boys who make the team is tempered by the fact that there are a dozen or so kids waiting all evening by their phones, jumping to answer it every time it rings, sitting dejectedly back down when they don't hear my voice, fearfully watching the clock as the final, desperate hour approaches. One calls me at the stroke of 9:30, just to make certain I haven't made a mistake or misplaced his telephone number.

How can I tell a 12-year-old boy he hasn't really failed, when he's just been rejected for the one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world? I can't. I wish I could somehow come up with the right combination of words to let him know that I still respect and admire the way he gave his best. I want to tell him that he is nothing less because he didn't make the cut. But I can't. I resist the temptation to fib, to say that he was the last one cut, because that may make him feel worse than if he was the first one. So I only tell him to keep working hard, to practice on his own whenever he can, to play in the recreational league and to try again next year.

When I hang up I ask myself whether I've treated the boy as fairly as I possibly could, and I wonder whether I've killed forever his love for the game. I scrutinize and re-scrutinize my lutes and toy with the idea of giving him another tryout. But that wouldn't be fair to him or to the team; it is only my way of putting off the inevitable. I cross his name off the list, and I hope I haven't ruined his entire year.

Two days later I see him in his yard, kicking with a friend who did make the team. "Hi, Dan," he yells happily. "See, I'm practicing. I'll make it next spring. I know I will. When's your first game? I wanna come watch." I smile to myself. Boy, I hope he does make it next season.

END



...deserves another.

Holland's Heineken, America's year round dark beer.

1980 GRAND PRIX! GRAND LE



ANNOUNCING MORE PONTIA

The 1980 mid-size Pontiacs were designed to offer more of just about everything to the gallon.

GRAND PRIX:

20 27 362 488

EST. MPG CITY EST. MPG CITY RANGE MILES CITY RANGE MILES

GRAND LE MANS/GRAND LE MANS SAFARI:

19 26 343 470

EST. MPG CITY EST. MPG CITY RANGE MILES CITY RANGE MILES

These range figures were obtained by multiplying the EPA estimated MPG and the highway estimate

by the cars' 18.1 gallon fuel tank capacity rating.

Remember: Compare the circled estimated MPG to that of other cars. Your mileage and range may vary by speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Mileage and range estimates are lower in California. Pontiacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

Grand Prix's standard powertrain offers even better mileage and range than last year. But that's not all.

ANS! GRAND LE MANS SAFARI!



EXCITEMENT TO THE GALLON

Every one of those miles will be filled with GP styling excitement. An elegant new vertical grille. Genuine wire wheels you can order. Available buckets with leather in the seating area (on SJ, LJ models). And, of course, Grand Prix's acclaimed instrument panel.

The 1980 Grand LeMans offers remarkable mileage, too. Plus the luxury of a new cloth interior, with rich notchback seats, padded steering wheel and new fully-upholstered door panels. Complemented by an elegant new grille and available two-tone paint treatments.

There's even more class in our new top-of-the-line Grand LeMans Safari. A new choice of simulated woodgrain siding or double two-tone paint treatment—at no extra cost. Over 72 cubic feet of cargo space (with rear seat folded). Plus new standard

carpeting in the cargo area. A Grand Prix-inspired instrument panel. Not to mention the same kind of mileage offered to you in the Grand LeMans sedan. Buy or lease one soon.

**MORE
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FILTER 100's 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL
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Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

ON YE MOLDERS OF MEN

After a football luncheon last week in Ann Arbor, Dan Perrin, a 21-year-old reporter for *The Michigan Daily*, approached Coach Bo Schembechler with a tape recorder. Michigan had made only one of 10 field-goal attempts this season and Perrin asked Schembechler whether he was considering recruiting placekickers, something he hadn't actively done in the past. Schembechler began to answer, then exploded. According to Perrin and others who were present, the coach jabbed him with a finger, knocked his microphone away and gave him a shove. "Don't try to make me look bad, son," Bo fumed. "You understand what I say or I'll throw you the hell out of Michigan football."

Michigan had played on the West Coast 48 hours earlier and Schembechler was short of sleep, so perhaps it was not surprising that he should be showing signs of strain. Still, five days later he had yet to apologize to Perrin. Nor had anybody in Michigan's administration publicly expressed any regrets. Asked about Schembechler's conduct, Athletic Director Don Canham said, "I don't condone it but by the same token I've been irritated myself." Canham concluded, "I don't think there's a problem."

Schembechler is not the first prominent college coach to blow up. Nor are Michigan administrators the first to wink at such incivility. Too many college officials seem willing to follow the lead of Ohio State's administration, which for years studiously refrained from criticizing Woody Hayes for his excesses. It can be argued that had his superiors let him know in earlier years that such conduct would not be tolerated, Hayes might have learned to control himself and might not have ended his career in disgrace.

It may or may not be relevant that Schembechler was an assistant to Hayes at Ohio State in the 1950s and was known there as "Little Woody." What does seem relevant is something Canham said after the 1971 Michigan-Ohio

State game in Ann Arbor, during which Hayes ripped a 10-yard chain from officials, tried to break it over his knee, and threw it onto the field. "That guy packs people in," Canham enthused. "He's great for the game."

HIGH-STAKES CARD GAME

"Prices are going through the roof," exulted Harmon Cooper as he looked out over a sea of buyers crowding the booths at a baseball-card convention held last weekend in Manhattan's Prince George Hotel. Cooper, the convention's co-director, was right. A 1933 Goudey bubble-gum card of Babe Ruth that fetched \$35 five years ago was now being offered for \$125. And a 1952 Mickey Mantle Topps bubble-gum card that sold for \$600 six months ago was, startlingly, going for \$1,200 (because that was Mantle's first appearance on a Topps card and the number of cards printed was relatively small). Dealers attributed the runaway prices in general to soaring demand by collectors who see baseball cards as an ideal hedge against inflation.

TOWARD FULL EQUALITY

Concerned over the years about what it felt was an excess of one-sided games, the NFL nevertheless resisted the temptation to let poorer teams use 12 men. But last season it did something similar. In a move some critics thought more worthy of a touch-football league at Camp North Woods, the NFL began drawing up its regular-season schedules according to an "equalization" formula that tends to pit weak against weak, strong against strong.

Say this for the NFL's scheme, though: it apparently works. The average victory margin, which had been 14.5 points over the three previous seasons, declined to 10.8 last year and is up only slightly, to 11 points, so far in '79. The trend toward closer games has inevitably sown uncertainty among Las Vegas oddsmakers, whose average spread for NFL games has shrunk during the same period from

nearly eight points to less than a touchdown. This season's point spreads have averaged a scant 5.6 per game. In other words, if you thought you've been noticing fewer 10-points-and-over quotations than in the past, you're right.

HARMONY IN MAROON & BLUE

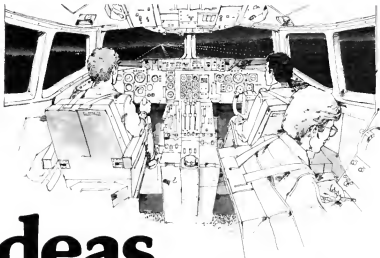
All but overlooked at the time, a committee of baseball club owners and general managers began meeting last year to try to resolve discrepancies in umpiring styles between the American and National Leagues. The results were decidedly mixed. The committee couldn't iron out apparent differences in the strike zone, mainly because nobody would acknowledge that there were differences. The committee also got hung up over the fact that American League umpers wear maroon jackets, those in the National League blue. Committee members decid-



ed that everybody must wear the same uniform but because they couldn't agree on which one it should be, the clash between maroon and blue still exists.

But some issues were resolved. One was that a handful of American League umpires wear cheap protectors outside their uniforms while the National League allows inside protectors only. It was agreed that as each of the American League umpers who wear them retires, outside protectors will be phased out. Barring backsliding, other changes implemented this season will be evident in the World Series. For example, foul-line

continued



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umps in the National League used to straddle the line while American Leaguers worked in foul territory; today everybody stands in foul territory. Also, with runners on base, all second-base umpires now stand in the infield; in the past, American League umpires positioned themselves on the outfield grass.

World Series watchers will note one other example of interleague détente. At last year's fall classic the men in maroon signaled foul balls by raising their hands above their heads while the men in blue pointed to the foul line. No more. In a compromise that can only be described as Solomonic, umpires in both leagues now are supposed to raise their hands above their heads, then point foul.

PARTING COMPANY

When they joined forces in the early '60s, Bobby Orr was a 15-year-old hockey prodigy and Alan Eagleson an obscure Toronto lawyer. Their fortunes soared together. Orr, who became the best defenseman in NHL history, made a lot of money, thanks in part to Eagleson's acumen as his agent. That in turn helped Eagleson become hockey's leading agent and head of the NHL Players' Association. Eagleson liked to joke that tour guides in Toronto referred to his elegant home as "the house that Orr built."

Now Orr and Eagleson have parted company. Over the years Eagleson has been front and center at almost every father-and-son banquet Orr attended, but the agent was conspicuously absent last month when Orr, who retired from the NHL early in the 1978-79 season because of his ailing knees, was inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame in Toronto. And last week Orr was named special assistant to NHL President John Ziegler, a job he apparently arranged without benefit of Eagleson's counsel.

Fueling speculation about a rift between the two were rumors that some of Orr's Eagleson-engineered investments had gone sour and that Orr was miffed because the agent had committed him to deals without first consulting him. There also were reports that while negotiating his new job with the NHL, Orr had found it prudent to cool his friendship with Eagleson, whose oftentimes abrasive style offends some league officials. Eagleson said simply that Orr "has more time on his hands, and he wants to learn to handle his own affairs."

OUT OF THE VOID

Greg Jacobs, a soccer-style football place-kicker at Lawrence University in Appleton, Wis., converted all 40 of his point-after-touchdown attempts last season but, to his dismay, hit on only three of 10 field-goal chances. After the season Jacobs, a psychology major, became interested in "sensory isolation" tanks, which are enjoying a vogue around the country as aids to meditation and relaxation. As a result of that interest, Jacobs feels that his field-goal kicking has improved this season.

The idea of sensory isolation is that by floating in salt water inside a blackened, soundproof and temperature-controlled tank, an environment in which one hears and sees virtually nothing and has little sense of touch, a person supposedly can experience a deeper sense of self. Jacobs and another Lawrence student raised \$700 and built a bubblelike, five-foot-high tank and covered the bottom with 10 inches of salt water. Jacobs has since been spending an hour each day lying suspended on his back, nude, in the water. Much of the time, he says, he thinks about placekicking.

"I mentally 'rehearse' my kicking by visualizing in my mind the perfect technique," Jacobs says. "Being in the tank is like floating in a black void and produces a deeply relaxed state of mind that makes possible almost total concentration. Then, when I go out to kick, it's like auto-suggestion."

Now a senior, Jacobs is using the isolation tank in a university-approved research project involving 30 fellow students. As for himself, Jacobs this season has kicked 19 straight PATs, extending his streak to 59, within striking distance of the NCAA Division III record of 75. He also has made five field goals in 11 attempts, and while that may seem scarcely better than last year, he notes he has had several near misses at long distance. "Last year I was bothered by crowd noise and pressure," says Jacobs. "Now I'm able to tune out everything when I'm kicking. I've got more distance on my kicks and also more accuracy. I've even kicked a 50-yarder in practice, something I wasn't able to do before. I'm convinced it's all because of the tank."

A RANK ACTION

Since May 1977, when he was transferred to New Jersey's Rahway State Prison to serve a 30-to-40-year sentence for armed

robbery, James Scott has fought five matches behind the walls of that institution, rising to second in the World Boxing Association's light-heavyweight rankings. Now, just as he appeared ripe for a title fight against WBA champion Victor Galindez, Scott suddenly finds himself shorn of his ranking.

According to Mandy Galindez, the organization's former president and still a member of its executive committee, the WBA dumped Scott after deciding that as a prisoner he does not set a "good example." Whatever the merits of this position, the objection certainly could have been foreseen when the WBA began ranking Scott a year ago. So could the WBA's claim that Scott's opponents are put at a decided disadvantage by the fact that they can fight him only in prison. Of course, all this is assuming that these are the real reasons for the WBA's action. In Scott's view, he was dropped because of the pervasive influence wielded within the WBA by Bob Arum, who promotes fights of some of the other light heavyweights ranked by that organization. Scott says Arum offered him a promotional contract earlier this year but that Murad Muhammad, who had been promoting his fights, persuaded him to reject it. "Murad Muhammad didn't look after me," Scott says. "If I'd gone with Arum, I'd have a title fight." Instead, thanks to a belated and dubious action by an organization that strung him along for a year, he has nothing. In bitter acknowledgment of that fact, Scott says he is quitting boxing.

THEY SAID IT

- Art Modell, Cleveland Browns owner, on the fact that he and other NFL bosses equally share TV money and gate receipts: "We're 28 Republicans who vote socialist."
- Ken Harrelson, Boston Red Sox TV announcer, on why he made a practice of catching the ball one-handed during his playing days: "When you have hands as bad as mine, one hand is better than two."
- Sylvester Stallone, film's Rocky: "Boxing is a great exercise—as long as you can yell 'cut' whenever you want to."
- Art Baker, The Citadel's football coach, on Ronald Hale, Vanderbilt's 6'6", 310-pound offensive tackle: "I wasn't that worried about him until I read in their press guide that he was born on November 1st, 15th and 16th."

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Grand Macnish Sports Flashback

DETROIT. 1962—Nick Pietrosante wanted this one as much as anyone as he squinted across the field at his old nemesis Willie Davis, who was humping shoulder pads with a Green Bay teammate.

Pietrosante, the big stylish fullback from Notre Dame, thought back to the one game earlier in the season which prevented the Lions from going unbeaten up till now, that bitter, heartbreaking 9-7 loss at Green Bay with only 27 seconds left. Nick had a good game that afternoon, but it would have been better without Willie Davis clutching at his arm, grabbing him around the waist, shouldering him out of bounds.

The Lions were electrically high on this cold Thanksgiving Day and Pietrosante jumped up and down to get the circulation

going. Across the field, he noticed Davis doing the same thing. He would get through Davis today, he promised himself.

The hitting was awesome, and it was about four minutes into the game when the Lion quarterback called for a power sweep to the left: Nick Pietrosante carrying the ball right at the Packers' defensive star, Willie Davis. It was a play made famous by the Pack and Pietrosante relished the opportunity to take it to them and especially Willie Davis.

His 6-foot-2, 220-pounds in high gear, Pietrosante took the toss and circled to the left side. He saw Willie instantly pocking up the play and moving with the tide. There was a blur of blocks and Nick's offensive wall started to crumble. Then came the avalanche and the stabbing pain. Several Packers were in on the

hit, but the guy who pulled him up and slapped him on the rump was Willie

Davis. Willie smiled pleasantly as he retreated to Green Bay's defensive huddle. And Nick Pietrosante limped off the field.

But the Lions and Pietrosante savored sweet revenge that afternoon, whipping the Packers 26-14 in a memorable display of aggressive football, which deprived Green Bay of a perfect season. And Nick had evened the score with Willie.

Reflecting on the great rivalry with Green Bay and particularly his gamesmanship with Willie Davis, Pietrosante gave the defensive star the highest compliment. "He was like a third member of our backfield," Nick says. "Willie wasn't considered one of the bigger players, but he was like a cat. Quick and sure."

Willie Davis has equal praise for Pietrosante. "Big Nick,

what a blocker!" he remembers. "Real good power runner. He always seemed to turn a crucial two yard run into a three or four yard gain on sheer guts."

Willie Davis is distinguished as having been chosen on the All-Pro Squad of the '60s; five times a Pro Bowl starter. Nick Pietrosante made the Pro Bowl twice and set the Lions rookie rushing record of 5.9 yards per carry in 1959.

"Funny that old Willie remembers me best for my good blocking," needed Pietrosante. "I held Detroit's all-time club rushing record until just recently. Ask Willie why he doesn't remember my 140 yards against Green Bay in 1959?"

"Oh, great effort," laughs Willie. "But at the time I was playing for the Cleveland Browns."

Over the years, Willie and Nick have seen eye to eye on very few things. Grand Macnish Scotch is one of them.



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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 16, 1979

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FLYING INTO THE





SERIES

While the Pirates jettied past the Reds in the National League, the Orioles took wing against the Angels, winning the American League pennant in four games **by E. M. SWIFT**

Shortly after the Pirates had swept the Reds in the best-of-five playoff to win the National League pennant, Pittsburgh's Tim Lincecum, clad in his underwear, sprang into Manager Chuck Tanner's office. Lincecum was smoking a fat cigar, and on his head was a cowboy hat that John Candelaria, in celebration, had taken a bite from. Lincecum was holding a bat down by the knob—ordinarily he chokes way up—and waving it menacingly in the manner of a home run hitter. "How's this look for the World Series?" he asked.

"That's all we need," Tanner replied with an uneasy grin.

From the halfway Second Baseman Phil Garner shouted, "I'll bat second, Skip. He's going to go for the fences. Bat him fourth."

Willie Stargell, who has been the Pirates' clean-up hitter for at least 100 years, nodded his approval. While his teammates were celebrating with champagne, the man they call Pops was working on his customary postgame bottle of wine, this one being a 1977 Napa Valley Chardonnay. Willie's approval is a must on any matter concerning the Pirates, and he doesn't dole it out grudgingly. Some superstars are referred to as my man or the man, but to one and all Stargell is simply a man—the consummate encomium. Champagne in hand, Garner was telling anyone who would listen that he would go to war for Stargell, or, at the very least, "jump off a bridge." Shouting above the disco vibes of Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now, Lee Lacy added, "Willie Stargell made the whole city happy!" But it was

continued

Coming in for a landing, Moreno scores the winning run in Game 2 as Stargell for once was a mere bystander

Pirate trainer Tony Bartirome who most succinctly voiced what nearly everyone was feeling. As Stargell waved his wine bottle at him, threatening, "Drink it or wear it," Bartirome put his hands on the sloping shoulders of the 38-year-old Pittsburgh captain and said softly, "You deserve all of this and more."

Stargell had made the whole city happy. The Pirates had got back-to-back extra-inning wins in Cincinnati—the first of which had been decided by Stargell's three-run homer in the 11th—so that the team which calls itself "the Family" returned to Three Rivers Stadium on Friday poised for a sweep. The Pirates were already ahead 2-0 in the finale when Stargell led off the third inning with a towering home run that Reds Manager John McNamara described as having been "deposited somewhere in the atmosphere." After Stargell had done his trot, the 42,240 fans, sensing the kill, set off fireworks and screamed until he came out of the dugout, doffed his cap and blew them a kiss as the organist played *Jesus Christ Superstar*. In his next at bat, Stargell drove in Pittsburgh's fifth and sixth runs with a two-out double, effectively sil-

encing McNamara's band and ending the afternoon's suspense. With Pirate starter Bert Blyleven snapping off nasty curveballs, exhibiting a seldom-used changeup and thoroughly frustrating the overmatched Reds, the festivities began in earnest during the seventh-inning stretch. The Pirate theme song, *We Are Family*, was struck up, and who should appear behind home plate in an impromptu chorus line but a contingent of players' wives, kicking, waving pompons and discoing in anticipation of the first Pittsburgh pennant in eight years. For Pops and Pirate fans who remembered all too clearly the 1970, '72 and '75 play-off losses to the Big Red Machine of old, the 7-1 final-game victory and the sweep constituted oh-so-sweet revenge.

As for Cincinnati, all McNamara could say was, "Where did our bats go?" The Reds scored just five runs in 30 innings, one less than Stargell (.455, two home runs, two doubles) knocked in by himself. "We just didn't hit well enough to win. That's the sum and substance of it."

Tuesday night's opener matched Tom Seaver, who had won 14 of his previous 15 decisions, against Candelaria. The Candy Man, as he is known within the Family, had been hampered late in the season by a muscle pull in his rib cage, but he gutted out seven painful innings, allowing only five hits and two runs, which came on a 450-foot blast by George Foster into a vacant arca beyond the fence in left-centerfield. "Your basic George Foster home run," said Pittsburgh Catcher Ed Ott. "It probably would have killed four people and broken three seats. Candelaria was in pain from the moment he got to the mound. I finally went out and asked him, 'Are you granting because you're throwing hard or because it hurts?' With every pitch, he'd scream 'Aaaaah'."

Things sounded different to the denizens of the Reds' dugout. "His ribs definitely weren't hurting him," Dave Collins stated flatly.

The Pirates got their two runs off Seaver in the third inning when Garner led off with an opposite-field home run—"Once in a while a blind dog finds a bone," he would say—and the fleet Omar Moreno, whose speed on the bases was a factor in all three games, scored on a sacrifice fly by Foli. Moreno had reached third when Collins ill-advisedly tried to shoestring his line drive, and the ball



Medlock and Parker did a post-Game 2 minute

bounded over him off the wet artificial grass. "I was trying to keep him off base," Collins said afterward, referring to the Pirate centerfielder's 77 stolen bases during the regular season. "I went down so it would hit me, but the way the ball was skidding off that wet turf, it probably would have killed me if it had."

It was still 2-2 in the 11th when Foli, who batted .333 during the series, led off with a single against Reds reliever Tom Hume. Dave Parker followed with a hit to left, which set the stage for Stargell. He hit Hume's first delivery 300 feet high and 400 feet deep for the first home run allowed by Hume in 52 innings. As Tanner hugged him in the dugout, Stargell winked and told him, "Fine me, Skip, I missed the bunt sign."

Johnny Bench had a chance to tie the game in the bottom of the 11th when, with two out and two on, he faced the Pirates' fourth reliever, 22-year-old Don Robinson. It was only the fifth time in 1979 that Robinson, a Goose Gosage-like fireballer who is ordinarily a starter, appeared in relief, and he walked Bench on a 3-2 curveball. That loaded the bases for Ray Knight, the potential winning run. Stargell jogged to the mound. "How about you moving to first base and I'll pitch?" he suggested. Robinson broke up, then relaxed and fanned the overanxious Knight to earn his first save of 1979.

Tanner's philosophy on the bullpen is simply "the more you use something, the



Stargell watches his second homer go bye-bye.



The spadey Tekulve bagged the Reds twice

better it gets." He stayed in his office until after 1 a.m. explaining that the human arm, like a rubber band, can be stretched a few times each day without harm. Hence the Pirates have the third bullpen in baseball history with three pitchers who each worked in more than 70 games. The boss reliever is Kent Tekulve, who, despite being 6' 4" and only 160 pounds, appeared in 94 games and had 31 saves.

So when one of the other 70-game relievers, Enrique Romo, gave up back-to-back singles to Dave Concepcion and Foster with one out in the eighth inning of Wednesday's game, Tanner turned to Tekulve. The Pirates led 2-1, thanks to Jim Bibby's four-hit pitching—he left after the seventh with a crick in his neck—and a questionable call by Second-Base Umpire Frank Pulli, the same Frank Pulli who failed to call Reggie Jackson for interference in last year's World Series when Jackson did a hula dance into Bill Russell's throw to first. Garner, who was spectacular at the plate and in the field all series, hit a liner toward Collins in the fifth inning. Collins, who played rightfield like a colt on a frolic throughout—alternately making brilliant catches and misplaying singles into triples—made an apparent diving catch, but Pulli ruled that Collins had trapped it. Two outs later, Garner scored on Foli's double. "I caught it," Collins said. "I'm an honest person. I'm not going to say I

caught it when I didn't. If I'd have short-hopped the ball, you would have seen water because the field was wet."

The play would have wound up as a mere oddity had the Reds been able to hit in the clutch. No fewer than seven different hitters failed to produce with runners in scoring position. Upon arriving on the scene in the eighth, Tekulve promptly wild-pitched Concepcion and Foster to second and third, so that a fly ball by Bench would have tied the game. A single would have given them the lead. "That wild pitch might have turned into a blessing," Tekulve would say. "Bench's job became to lift the ball into the outfield. If I'm throwing my slider on the outside corner, that's hard for him to do."

There was some question as to whether Tekulve was throwing his best sliders out there—Catcher Ott said, "They weren't exactly on the black, my eyes lit up pretty good a couple of times"—but he struck out Bench on four pitches. Then, following an intentional walk, Tekulve almost forced in the tying run before inducing Knight to fly out.

With one out in the ninth, pinchhitter Heity Cruz and Collins doubled off Tekulve, tying the game 2-2. Suddenly a hit would have evened the series. After Joe Morgan walked, Tanner brought in his sixth pitcher, the hard-throwing Rob-

inson, and this time he needed no setting down from Stargell or anyone else. "He struck out Concepcion on a pitch God couldn't have hit," Ott said of Robinson's 0-2 curve. Then he brought a fast-ball in on Foster's fists to end the inning on a grounder to Garner at second.

The Pirates won it 3-2 in the 10th when Parker, a Cincinnati by birth, drove home Moreno with a single. Robinson mowed down the Reds in order, to get the win and give the Family a new favorite son. "That country boy from West Virginia was flat throwing a baseball," Stargell whistled. "I wouldn't have wanted any part of him."

Having lost both games in their home park, the Reds, who so badly lack the leadership that Stargell gives the Pirates, knew they were beaten. "It looks like it's going to be another one of those winters," Bench said.

Friday, when it was all over, Stargell was the last player to leave the dressing room. He undressed slowly, emotionally drained. The '77 Chardonnay was also drained. The third Oriole-Angel game was showing on a TV in a corner, and Stargell found it in himself to cry out, "Baltimore's probably saying, 'Damn, I wish we could lose.' They don't want to mess with us!"

Not you, Pops. Anyone but you.

ANOTHER PEARL FOR EARL

by Ron Fimrite

There is much talk in baseball these days of teams such as Pittsburgh being "families," of a kinship existing among athletes that is so warm as to make the households of, say, Judge Hardy or Clarence Day seem no more congenial than that of Roderick Usher. If this is true, if baseball teams really are families, then there are more broken homes in the American and National Leagues than in Beverly Hills, because there is no talk of brotherhood among losers. Only winners possess a familial bond, and once the victories stop, it's Spitsville, stranger. What players on such winning teams as the Orioles, the new American League champions, actually are is interdependent, and that does not have anything to do with family ties. Baltimore's brilliant third baseman, Doug DeCinces, described this basically unsentimental re-

lationship last week as he and his brother Birds made their perilous way past the California Angels, three games to one, in the league playoffs.

"There isn't a player on this team we don't have confidence in," said DeCinces. "It's hard to explain, but we, as players, feel that."

On the Orioles, that confidence is well placed. They are not a team of stars, but they do have what their manager, Earl Weaver, prefers to call—with thundering redundancy—"deep depth." This quality was evident as one unsung Oriole after another took his turn pecking away at an Angel team that was left pitifully short-handed by the absence through injury of hitters Willie Mays Aikens and Joe Rudi and Pitcher Jim Barr.

The first game figured to be a matchup of glamorous pitching stars—Jim

continued



Big play: DeCinces stops a smash



Ings third and runs to complete

Palmer for the Orioles and Nolan Ryan of the Angels until the little guys upstaged them. To show what a family the Orioles are, Palmer didn't even want to start the opener. Because of recurring arm problems, he had pitched rarely during the regular season, amassing a 10-6 record that added up to about half his normal total of wins and losses. "I didn't know what I could do," Palmer said. "I didn't know how I'd feel by the seventh inning." Besides, he told Weaver, Mike Flanagan, the Oriole left-hander who won 23 games, deserved the honor of opening the playoffs. "I was just trying to help Earl," Palmer said. Weaver certainly doesn't meet the standards of the classic paterfamilias. He is short, pug-nosed and undignified looking, and his players make great sport of him. But no one questions his extraordinary gifts as a manager—the '79 pennant was his fourth in 11 years—and Palmer was talked down.

Weaver was right, of course. Palmer pitched nine exceptional innings before leaving with the score tied 3-3. His opponent, the mercurial Ryan, was even more spectacular, striking out eight with his 97-mph fastball and surrendering only one earned run in the seven innings he pitched before he retired with a pulled calf muscle. Palmer and Ryan are not only marvelous pitchers, they are among the handsomest and most graceful of professional athletes. But they were not the ultimate heroes this night. Mark Belanger, a premier Baltimore shortstop for

many years but a .167 hitter this season as a part-time player, drove in an important run with a single in the third inning, vindicating Weaver's faith in his ability to hit the mighty Ryan, if no one else. Pat Kelly, another Oriole part-timer, playing leftfield on this occasion, scored a run in the fourth. He walked, stole second, advanced to third on a passed ball and came home on a sacrifice fly. But the true champion emerged later in the proceedings.

With reliever John Montague pitching for the Angels in the 10th inning, DeCinces led off with a single, was sacrificed to second and remained there as Al Bumbry was walked intentionally. Belanger was the next scheduled batter, and California Manager Jim Fregosi was fully aware that Weaver would pinch-hit for him. Fine. He would rather have Montague, who throws the mystifying forkball, face someone cold off the bench than anyone who had been in the game all along. Lowenstein, another part-timer, who hit .254, sliced a forkball high down the leftfield line. Fregosi insisted later that a brisk wind blowing from left to rightfield kept the ball fair. At any rate, it cleared the fence at the 309 sign, several feet inside the foul pole, for a three-run homer and a 6-3 win.

Weaver, his genius certified once more, raced almost to second to greet Lowenstein as he circled the bases, and the Oriole fans, who flocked to Memorial Stadium in record numbers—1,680,561—this year, carried on madly, eventually calling Lowenstein back from the clubhouse for a curtain call. "I was surprised," said Lowenstein of his manager's unexpected appearance on the playing field. "I'd never seen such a small guy out there."

Oriole fans have been especially wild this year, having been inflamed almost nightly by, among others, a bearded cab driver in a white cowboy hat named Wild Bill Hagy and retired Army bugler Pat Walker. But the character who most arouses the multitudes is Don (Stan The Man Unusual) Stanhouse, a relief pitcher whose plentiful and unkempt red hair resembles that of Bozo the Clown and who takes, probably for theatrical purposes, approximately forever to throw the ball.

In the eighth inning of the second game, when it appeared that Flanagan, Palmer's choice to start the first game, was about to blow a 9-1 lead, Stanhouse

the double play that killed the Angels





Stan The Man Unsual had a win and a save

came on to wild acclaim from the spectators. It was 9-4 when he arrived from the bullpen, it was 9-8 when he finally induced Angel Brian Downing to bounce into a force play with the bases loaded to end the game.

Weaver normally chain-smokes under the stands when Stanhouse pitches, finding it unbearable to watch as his bullpen ace first puts a victory in jeopardy and then saves it, as he did 21 times this year. But in this game Weaver watched and waited, firm in his belief that somehow Stan The Man Unsual would prevail, as he did in Game 1 when he pitched one inning of no-hit relief. Stanhouse himself was characteristically unflappable. "There was never a doubt in my mind," he said, "Earl came out and looked at me rather funny. I said, 'Earl, I'm throwing my strikes, but they're calling 'em balls.' It wasn't pretty, but I got out of it."

The third game was played in the once beautiful Anaheim Stadium, reduced now to a construction site as builders enlarge and reshape it in preparation for the tenancy of the NFL Rams next year. Inspired perhaps by the clamor of their counterparts in Baltimore, Angel fans seemed determined to outshout them. They did, in a game that was more than a match for the first two in terms of raw melodrama. The Orioles appeared to have the game and the pennant nailed down in the seventh inning when another of their reliable substitutes, Terry Crowley, pinch-hit a single that scored Al Bumbry, who had legged out a triple, with the run that gave them a 3-2 lead. Baltimore's starting pitcher, Dennis Mar-

timez, had allowed only single runs in the first and fourth, the latter on a Don Baylor homer, and had retired 11 consecutive batters when, with one out in the ninth, Rod Carew wrist-hit one of his patented doubles to left-center. Weaver immediately summoned Stanhouse from the bullpen.

At this juncture the Angel crowd set up a deafening chant of "Yes—We Can," which is as inspiring a rallying cry in Anaheim as Wild Bill's O-R-I-O-L-E spell-yell is in Baltimore. Stanhouse took a full six minutes to walk Downing. What a pair of adversaries they made. Downing's exaggerated batting stance makes all other foot-in-the-bucket hitters look like plate-crowders. A right-handed batter, he aims his left foot at the box seats between the third-base coach's box and the dugout. It's as if he expects the ball to be delivered to him by one of the spectators, not the fellow staring at his profile. But as the pitcher goes into his windup, Downing rights himself and swings like a normal batter—and, it should be appended, with abnormal success. He hit .326 this year. Stanhouse, for his part in the charade, stared imploringly at the heavens, adjusted his uniform and interminably paced the mound.

The crowd was apoplectic by the time Bobby Grich stepped up with Carew on second and Downing on first. Grich had hoped, he later acknowledged, to "rip" one over the fence, but when the

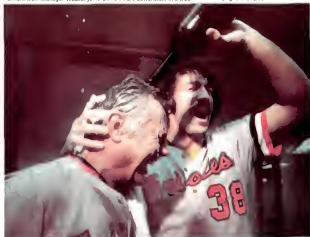
count reached 2-2, he lowered his expectations to a line drive. And that is what he hit to short center. Carew took off at the sound of the bat and had advanced to third when he saw, to his horror, that the speedy Bumbry had run in far enough to make the catch. "If he catches it," Carew said to himself, "I'm a dead duck." Double play. End of season. But the ball popped out of Bumbry's glove and fell at his feet. Reprieved, Carew sped home with the tying run and Downing barely beat Bumbry's throw to second. Larry Harlow, an unknown Angel and an ex-unknown Oriole, blooped a ball to left that scored Downing with the winning run. The Angels had broken the ice 4-3.

But in the fourth and final game, Oriole lefthander Scott McGregor shut out the Angels on six hits in an 8-0 win that was anticlimactic considering the preceding dramas. It was DeCinces at third who took the heart out of California when, with the bases loaded and one out in the fifth inning and the score still only 3-0, he leaped headlong over and, in fact, onto third base to take a two-RBI hit away from Jim Anderson and convert it into an inning-ending, third-to-first double play. It was a fielding gem that was reminiscent—even Brooks Robinson, now an Orioles broadcaster, agreed—of Brooks Robinson.

And it put the interdependent Birds in the World Series, which is where they belong.

END

Pennant won: Manager Weaver joins Game 1 hero Lowenstein in a traditional champagne shampoo





With about a quarter mile left, it was still a three-horse race, but Affirmed (6) with Leff's Pincay Jr. up, repudied Bid, center, and Coastal down the stretch

In his stall in Barn 47 at Belmont Park, the colt with the distinctive splash of white down his face stood in the doorway, his ears playing to the sounds and movements of the men around him. Outside it was dark. A light on the ceiling burned. For a moment Affirmed's ears stopped moving, and he seemed like a statue of himself.

It was 7:30 p.m. last Saturday, a late hour for so much activity around the barns, but Affirmed had worked late that afternoon and there were things still to be done. He watched the activity about him with evident curiosity. Groom Juan Alaniz was in and out of the stall, preparing to fit Affirmed with a set of splashy orange protective bandages, while Dr. James Belden, his veterinarian, studied the colt from the aisle of the shed. A Pinkerton guarded the door of the barn. Larry Barrera, the son of Affirmed's trainer, LEE Barrera, slipped in and out of a nearby office. He was wearing a pink golf shirt with an inscription on the back: I SAW AFFIRMED WIN THE GOLD CUP. The shirt celebrated Affirmed's victory in the Hollywood Gold Cup last June, and now was hoisted in fashion.

Two hours earlier, in one of the most resourceful and revealing performances

GLORIOUS AFFIRMATION IN THE GOLD CUP

Beating back four stout challenges by Spectacular Bid at Belmont, Affirmed won and laid undisputed claim to Horse of the Year honors by WILLIAM NACK

of his career, Affirmed had beaten back every challenge thrown at him to win the \$375,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at a mile and a half. It had been, even by his formidable standards, a superb victory, one that underscored all those qualities for which Affirmed is most admired and for which he will be prized as a stud horse next spring. Brownell Combs knows that more clearly than anyone. The hefty Kentucky breeder stepped through the door of the shed and walked up the aisle. Combs is the general manager of Spendthrift Farm in Lexington, Ky., which will be Affirmed's home and place of business when he retires on Dec. 1. Last January, when the colt was in the midst of a four-race losing streak, Combs had syndicated Affirmed for \$14.4 million—36 shares, at \$400,000

apiece. Twenty-one shares were sold; owner Louis Wolfson retained the remaining 15. Spendthrift will get four free breeding services a year to manage the syndicate and care for the horse.

Aside from Wolfson himself, no one profited more from the Gold Cup than Combs. "The value of this horse keeps going up all the time," he said. "There have been several offers of \$650,000 to buy a share, but no one has been willing to sell. I suppose that if a person really wanted to sell a share in this horse now, he could get \$1 million. If you were syndicating him now, after the way he ran today, you'd be looking at a \$25 million to \$30 million horse."

After spending the first two years of his career outgaming Alydar in a series of classic matchups that culminated in

his victory in the 1978 Belmont Stakes, Affirmed hooked a buzz saw in Seattle Slew, losing to him in the 1978 Marlboro Cup. He then lost three more in a row, but he regained his prominence early this year and went on to demonstrate unequivocally that he is the best racehorse in America. In the Jockey Club Gold Cup, he showed himself to be one of the gamest, most consistent and capable runners in the history of modern racing. If the Gold Cup was billed somewhat preposterously as the "Race of the Century," it undoubtedly stirred as much interest as any such event in recent years. For the race matched the 4-year-old Affirmed and the best 3-year-old in training, Spectacular Bid, with the '79 Belmont Stakes winner, Coastal, in the role of spoiler.

Affirmed and Bid had been on converging courses since last February, when Affirmed ended his losing streak with a stunning 10-length victory in the Scrub Stakes at Santa Anita.

Affirmed appeared to be a different racehorse at four than he was at three. He was stronger and more commanding than ever, and he drew away from Sir-lad in the Hollywood Gold Cup to become the first horse to win more than \$2 million in purses. That done, Barrera rested him the remainder of the summer.

Even as Affirmed grew in stature, so did Bid. He seemed indomitable in the winter and the spring, going unbeaten through the Kentucky Derby and Preakness. The morning of the Belmont, the day he went for the Triple Crown, Bid stepped on a safety pin in his stall. And that afternoon, whether sore from the pin or tired from chasing cheap speed around the first turn, he tired in the stretch to finish third. Trainer Bud Delp backed off him. Like Barrera with Affirmed, he aimed for Belmont Park in the fall.

That their meeting was twice postponed only heightened the expectations for it. They were heading for a confrontation in September's Marlboro Cup when Barrera angrily declined the Marlboro invitation in protest of the weight assignments. Spectacular Bid won that race by five in a smashing performance. He was training for the Sept. 22 Woodward—and at last—a meeting with Affirmed, when he developed a fever. So Bid passed up the Woodward. But Affirmed ran, winning with authority, by 2½ lengths.

Now it came down to the Gold Cup, the race that would finally determine the Horse of the Year. At least as intriguing as the prospect of the race itself were the contrasting styles of the main participants. Affirmed is as quick and handy as a polo pony, able to go to the front or come from behind. With less natural speed, Bid usually lays back before delivering a single irresistible burst. Bill Shoemaker, who replaced Ron Franklin on Bid after the Belmont, has the smoothest and quietest pair of hands in racing, getting what he needs from a horse through cajolery and finesse. Affirmed's rider, Laffit Pincay Jr., is the strongest rider in the country and its ablest finisher.

There was far more at stake last Saturday than honor or even the winner's share of \$225,000. Affirmed's value at stud had already been established with his syndication, but Spectacular Bid's had not. In fact, his worth had plunged dramatically after the loss in the Belmont. Combs says he arrived at that race carrying in his pocket a check for \$10 million—half the \$20 million that Combs thought Bid would be worth if he won. He never made the down payment. After the Belmont, Combs estimates, Spectacular Bid's value was \$12 million—a drop of \$8 million in less than 2½ minutes. Bid's connections came to the Gold Cup hoping to recoup the loss. Seth Hancock, the head of Claiborne Farm, which will syndicate and stand the colt at stud, said before the Gold Cup that Bid would be worth \$16 to \$20 million if he won the race, between \$12 and \$15 million if he lost. Such were the stakes that Bid's owners, Harry, Teresa and Tom Meyerhoff, were playing for last Saturday.

Pincay and Barrera also were playing a numbers game. A win would push Pincay's purses this year past Darrel McHargue's single-season jockey record of \$6,188,353, set in 1978. When the day ended, Pincay had earned \$6,384,568. Barrera, meanwhile, broke his single-season trainers' record of \$3,314,564 for purses, also set last year; he finished the day with \$3,368,548. As for Affirmed, his career earnings are \$2,393,818.

Barrera sensed the victory the instant the gates sprang open and Affirmed leaped forward. He was a full neck in front just two jumps out of the gate. "When he breaks like that," Laz says, "you can put the beans on the fire and

you know you're gonna eat for sure."

Gallant Best, who filled out the four-horse field, raced to the front, taking the lead from the favored Affirmed going into the first turn and Pincay refused to rush his mount a step. As they made the bend, galloping through the first quarter in the buggy-horse time of 25 seconds, Affirmed ranged up and assumed the lead. Turning into the backside, through a casual opening half in 49 seconds, Shoemaker sensed the softness of the pace. He made a move, but Pincay let out a notch and Affirmed drew away. They raced down the straight that way—Affirmed in front, Bid right behind. Midway through the backstretch, Shoemaker asked Spectacular Bid again, sending him up to challenge. Once more Affirmed surged forward. He had a length lead as they came to the turn. Nearing the three-eighths pole, Shoemaker sent Bid to Affirmed's side, but Affirmed dug in a third time. For an instant, Shoemaker thought Bid had chucked the bit and given up. He started to fall back. And suddenly, on the inside, Coastal came charging through the gap. He drew even with Affirmed, perhaps getting a nose in front, but this is Affirmed's game, the part of it he seems to relish the most. Affirmed snatched the lead back as they headed into the stretch.

Suddenly Coastal excused himself, and at once Shoemaker and the Bid battled back, with Shoemaker riding frantically, coming to within half a length of Affirmed as the two horses raced past the eighth pole. Now Pincay drew his stick. With his whipping and hand-leading, Affirmed stretched out and drove for the wire. He pulled away in the final 100 yards to win by three-quarters of a length.

Four times Bid had tried to get by Affirmed, and four times had been beaten back, the final agonizing time as the two colts ran for the wire. In the box seats, the Wolfsons and Barrera embraced. "Once my horse went to the lead, I knew the party was over," Barrera said. It actually ended back at the barn, with Alan Laz fitting the colt with the bandages and Doc Belden sitting on a bucket and staring into the stall and Barrera walking into the shed to say good night. "Look at him," Laz said. "It look like he don't even run. He knows he's a champion. No horse can look like that and not be a champion." Then Larry Barrera reached in and flipped off the light. **END**



An unveiled Perkins gets a congratulatory pat on the back from Vice Assistant Coach Tom Bass

AWWW C'MON, RAY, THE GIANTS WON! GIVE US A SMILE

After five tries he finally got a win, but it was hardly a laughter for new New York Coach Ray Perkins **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

Ray Perkins is sitting at the head table, fiddling with the microphone, trying to figure out how to answer the question. It is last Wednesday's press luncheon at the New York Giants' stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands, and 60 or so listeners lean forward to hear how the Giants' rookie coach will handle the tough question of whether or not he'll switch from a 4-3 to a 3-4 defense, which he doesn't care for, against unbeaten Tampa Bay on Sunday.

A heavy question, but a logical one, because the Giants have only three healthy defensive linemen. Perkins adjusts a button on his windbreaker and stares out at the audience with his pale blue, deep-set eyes—eyes that "look like they can stare right into your mind," as Giant Linebacker Brian Kelley has said.

In front of Perkins sit members of the press, who constitute only a small part

of the press-day audience. Behind them are scattered the Giant brass and a group from the New Jersey Sports Authority, including a delegation from the Meadowlands' indoor arena, which is under construction. There are a few oldtime radio and TV people around, an out-of-work PR man or two and, of course, the car dealers. They supply the team automobiles, at a price, and part of the deal is that they can attend real live press conferences. Slightly behind and to the left of the dais sits the Tampa Bay publicist.

Perkins learned his football from Bear Bryant and Don Shula and Chuck Fairbanks, who are not in the habit of discussing game plans at Wednesday luncheons. He is not comfortable with this press-day circus.

The writer repeats the question: "In your mind, have you ruled out the 3-4?" "Yes."

"Why?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why don't you like the 3-4?" Pause.

"I just don't, based on the question,"

Perkins says.

He looks at his watch. It reads 12:10 p.m. Downstairs, where the Giant players hang out, a squad meeting has been going for 10 minutes. Time is Perkins' mortal enemy. He is very bitter about the fact that a long time ago they ruled out the 36-hour day. It is the third squad meeting of this Wednesday, and he would prefer to be there, rather than discussing game plans with a bunch of car dealers.



At 8:30 a.m. Perkins had met with his quarterbacks for an hour. By then he had already been in the office for two hours; he was well into his second pot of coffee. At 10 the squad met for an hour and a half. They had half an hour off for lunch, followed by another hour-and-a-half meeting, the one now going on. Then there would be a practice lasting 45 minutes longer than the ones John McVay ran when he was the Giants' coach in 1978. Finally there might be a late session with a quarterback or two—on Thursday Perkins would bring his rookie starter, Phil Simms, home with him for four hours. After that, Perkins would have his late-late session with the pro-

jector and the yellow-lined paper and the X's and O's.

"Paralysis by analysis," former NFL Coach Tommy Prothro once called it. But Perkins has an excuse; no coach carries a heavier burden of history than he does. Sixteen years without a playoff team, including the worst record in the NFL over the last five, was the Giant illness Perkins was hired to cure last February. The Giants are a team with a pest of cronyism at the higher management level, and a history of making top draft choices who bottomed out—Larry Jacobson, Eldridge Small, Rocky Thompson, Big Al Simpson, John Hicks. The names pierce like arrows.

And then in 1978 the fans rose up, and so did Timmy Mara, the 44-year-old nephew of President Wellington Mara and, with his uncle, the co-owner of the Giants. For years Timmy had lived an untroubled existence at the sports watering holes in Manhattan, P.J. Clarke's and Mike Manuche's. Oh, he occasionally showed up in the stadium lot in his golf cart to chase a photographer or two out of a privileged parking spot, and when things got tough, Timmy fired the team's PR man, Don Smith. The reason: "negative publicity." In a bold move during the '77 season, he ruled that secretaries would henceforth refrain from bringing coffee or sandwiches to their desks. He

continued

Billy Taylor (38) tripled his season rushing output and scored both of New York's TDs as the Giants niddled Tampa Bay's previously unyielding defense





Sterling his first game, rookie Quarterback Phil Simms led unimpressive stats but was a winner

THE GIANTS continued

followed this with an edict that the cars of all coaches and players had to display proper stickers—or they would be towed away from the special parking area. Unfortunately, the moment he chose for his announcement was right before a game.

"There we were, ready to go out on the field," says John Symank, a defensive coach with the Giants from 1974 to 1978, "when all of a sudden everyone's running out to the parking lot to take care of their cars. Players were out there in uniform, with kids climbing all over them for autographs . . . and the kickoff was coming up in five minutes."

In 1978 Timmy came out of the closet and showed a genuine interest in the club, particularly in the way his uncle had been running it for the previous 14 years. There were bitter words of criticism, a public feud. People who know Timmy say there was a Svenigali behind him, one of his buddies from the club, an ex-player who yearned for power. The fans

didn't care. Suddenly theirs was a new voice brought to the fray. They were angry and rebellious, those loyal fans, who had again bought up every seat in the 76,821-seat Giants Stadium, ensuring that the club would lead the NFL in attendance for the third straight year.

Ron Freeman, a Livingston, N.J. printer, publicly burned his tickets in the parking lot before the game against the Rams on Dec. 3. After that, a group called The Committee Against Mara Insensitivity to Giant Fans met in a Clifton, N.J. hotel to plot strategy for a protest at the Dec. 10 game with St. Louis. The protesters planned to have a plane fly over the stadium, towing a streamer reading: 15 YEARS OF LOUSY FOOTBALL, WE'VE HAD ENOUGH. As the plane passed above, the fans would chant, "We've had enough!"

"Not even that worked right," says Dr. Arthur Milne, a dentist from Basking Ridge, N.J., who collected the \$234 to hire the plane. "It was supposed to fly

over in the first quarter, when the stands were full. Instead, it came in the third quarter, when they were half empty. And the Giants were winning."

From the wreckage of the 6-10 record in 1978—the Giants' sixth straight season without a winning record—came a new general manager, 48-year-old George Young, a scholarly Baltimorean. Young had 11 years of NFL experience, mostly alongside Shula, and had an intimate knowledge of all aspects of the game. This prompted the suggestion that it was Commissioner Pete Rozelle's intervention, not the brainwork of the Maras, that brought Young to the Jersey meadows. In the past, the Maras had shown an antipathy toward hiring able executives. Young's choice as coach was Perkins, 37, a lean and whipcord-tough Mississippi native.

Perkins had all the right credentials as a player—national championship ring from Alabama, Super Bowl ring from Baltimore—and as an NFL assistant. He had learned Fairbanks' system at New England, and then he had put the juice into a San Diego offense that had led the NFL in passing in '78. And work, Lord, how the man could work—6:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.

"He goes on five hours sleep during the season," says his wife, Carolyn, "and then he collapses."

So now it is Wednesday afternoon, and Perkins' 0-5 Giants are four days away from playing Tampa Bay, the NFL's only unbeaten team. Three young writers who have watched the Giants practice the 3-4 defense all afternoon are confronting him with very long faces.

"You lied to us," one of them says, "and you expect us to lie in print."

"I answered within the context of the question," Perkins says. His deep-set eyes look very tired. His face is drawn. He has lost 20 pounds from his already spare frame since he got the job in February.

They straighten the matter out, Perkins getting the message across that it's too much to expect that he lay out his strategy before 50 strangers and the Tampa Bay PR man.

"I feel sorry for him sometimes," says Jim Clark, the Giants' center who taxed on Chuck Noll's first team in Pittsburgh, the 1-13 Steelers of 1969. "He wants to win so bad it's just killing him. His ideas are sound, his offensive principles are great, but the facts are that he's bailplayers away from making it go."

continued

A sepia-toned historical photograph showing a horse-drawn carriage in the foreground. In the background, a large wooden sign is visible with the text "Budweiser" and "ANHEUSER-BUSCH" below it. The scene is set outdoors with trees and foliage.

Budweiser
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Shown: The Showcase SL2560K. Also contemporary styling in a bronze metal acrylic cabinet. Metal finished frame on tops and ends. Brushed aluminum base. Servisized TV picture.

You see him run through here at lunchtime. He'll just grab a roll and a piece of ham or something—half the time he doesn't even know what he's eating. Look at him. It's almost six o'clock at night, and he's still in his coaching gear."

There's sympathy for Perkins among his players, but there's a dark side, too.

"If he keeps pushing himself this way, he's headed for a crack-up," one veteran says. "He's got to lighten up on himself, and on us. You can't keep guys on the practice field almost three hours, and then give them three more hours of meetings. Our legs are dead, our minds are dead. We're drained before we even get on the field on Sunday."

"Sure, I know some of the players are saying that," Young says. "That's what they kept telling Shula, too. And George Allen. Last year they said they didn't get enough coaching. Now they say it's too much. I've even heard people say he's too intense. The people who say it have never been around a really intense person before."

On Thursday Wellington Mara is asked, "What have you noticed that's different about the practices this year?"

"Forty-five extra minutes, for one thing," the owner says.

Young, standing nearby, is uneasy. "Why all the publicity for an 0-5 team?" he asks.

"Just trying to get personal stuff on Perkins, like what he eats for breakfast," a writer says.

"Right there," Young says, pointing to a football on a tee. "That pigskin. That's what he eats for breakfast."

On Sunday, at least, that was the breakfast of a winner, if not a champion. At 3:54 Perkins got his first victory as an NFL head coach. The Giants beat the Buccaneers, 17-14, in a way no one would have thought possible. The NFL's worst offense cracked the No. 1 defensive team with 202 yards rushing, stunning the Bucs in what has always been their least vulnerable area. A big, muscular ground game, featuring some reckless running by young Billy Taylor, produced the first touchdown, and the other 10 points—a Taylor touchdown and a Joe Dincelo field goal—were set up by interceptions.

There was no wild celebrating in the Giants' locker room as Perkins made the rounds. His remarks were pointed, topical. He told Doug Van Horn, the 35-year-old left guard, that he had done a

hell of a job on his trap blocks. The 32-Wham-Trap, with Van Horn kicking out on the Bucs' left end, Wally Chambers, had given Taylor most of his yards.

"They never knew what hit 'em," Van Horn said.

He moved on to Simms, who not only had survived his first start as a Giant, but had also actually enjoyed it. His six completions picked up 37 yards; the Bucs took back 19 of them with sacks.

"I've been informed you threw for 30 yards," Perkins said, straight-faced.

"Pretty good passing game, huh?" the rookie said, feeling all his parts to make sure they were in working order.

When he got to Taylor's locker, Perkins lingered for a while. Taylor was the uncharitable element in the game. He had never run the way he did Sunday; he had 33 carries for 148 yards, which tripled his total output in the first five games.

The Giant defense usually starts a game playing tough, but sooner or later it cracks because the offense doesn't give it enough breathing time. On Sunday the defense—mainly Perkins' hated 3-4 alignment—got help from the offense, and it hung in and shut down the Bucs' runners. On passing downs the Giants, rushing three men, kept Quarterback Doug Williams' percentage low (14-for-38) and his interceptions high (three).

Taylor made the offense-defense equation work, and when Perkins reached his locker, he gripped his hand for a moment and, among other things, thanked him "for the sacrifice you made for the team today."

Someone asked Perkins what else he had said to Taylor.

"Coach-player talk," Perkins said.

"How does your first win feel?" he was asked.

"Like it's supposed to—good. Like it's about time."

Someone asked him about the way Williams had scattered his passes, and for the first time Perkins smiled.

"They dropped passes on him," he said. (There were, in fact, seven drops by Tampa Bay.) "I'm not sure I wouldn't have dropped some, too, the way those guys were getting hit out there."

Once a reporter had asked Bryant to evaluate Perkins as a player, and the Bear had smiled much the same way Perkins did on Sunday. "He wasn't big, 170 or so," Bryant had said, "but he wasn't bushy about hitting somebody. He didn't come from Peaceful Valley."



Well (above) and Tom Mara (bottom) agree



the man in the middle now is George Young



PRO BASKETBALL

1979-80

TWO FOR THE SHOW

The Celtics' Larry Bird and Lakers' Magic Johnson have the hottest hands to hit the beleaguered NBA in a long time

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Larry Bird, the Designated Savior of professional basketball, was being driven back to Boston following a recent visit to the sport's Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass. Agent Bob Woolf, who negotiated Bird's five-year contract with the Celtics—at \$650,000 per, plus an estimated \$325,000 signing bonus—was at the wheel of the gray Cadillac Fleetwood. Bird's contract is the most lucrative ever for an NBA rookie; indeed, only veterans David Thompson in Denver, Bill Walton in San Diego, Moses Malone in Houston and Artis Gilmore in Chicago make as much or more. Woolf glanced over at the \$3.6 million man and said, "All I can say is you'd better be good."

"I'll knock 'em dead," replied Bird.

"But what if you don't?"

"Then everybody will say, 'Gee, I don't know what could have happened to him. He sure was good in college.'"

And both of them broke up laughing. Why not? Bird and Woolf have the cash; the NBA and the Celtics have the crossed fingers. If Bird is anything short of splendid on the court, he will be judged a failure of enormous proportions. Not since Walton came into the NBA in 1974 has there been so much interest—yes, unbridled hope—invested in a single player. Says Bird with a shrug, "Nobody expects much of a rookie." Wrong. Says Boston's new coach, Bill Fitch, "I'd say he adds a little to our expectations." Ah, come on, Bill.

Bird, like Walton, comes out of college as a player of exceptional promise, but that's hardly the only reason for the excitement he has stirred up in the pros. The central cause for all the to-do is that Bird, again like Walton, is white, while

NBA rosters are predominantly black. The hope among those who think that the color of the players has a major influence on whether fans come out and tune in is that Bird will make them do both in increased numbers. However, there are those who think the NBA's apparently sagging image has nothing to do with a paucity of Great White Hopes, and Bird's among them.

"I can see why fans don't like to watch pro basketball," he says. "I don't, either. It's not exciting." If that makes those at league headquarters cringe, it is also classic Bird. He talks straight ("Very few people can turn a team around by themselves, and I'm not one of them"), he shoots straight (28.6 points per game last year at Indiana State, where he was College Player of the Year) and, most important, he passes

straight. Indeed, Bob Cousy, the greatest ball handler in the league's history, says, "He has exceptional passing ability, the best I've ever seen." Nonetheless, Fitch cautions, "Yeah, but if the 'guys he's passing to are throwing up bricks, well, Bird won't be too good."

Speculation about Walton's signing with San Diego (see page 102) and the subsequent debate over compensation for Portland, Walton's old team, generated plenty of headlines during the off-season (both months of it). But just as much talk centered on the negotiations and signings involving Bird and another rookie on the left coast, former Michigan State whiz-bong Earvin (Magic) Johnson, 20, now with the Los Angeles Lakers. Former UCLA Coach John Wooden says, "Frankly, it has been difficult for me to understand how the Lakers could lose with continued



Woolf matched up much better against Auerbach than Bird. Now Larry's matching the 76ers' Caldwell Jones and Dr. J.



PRO BASKETBALL

continued

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. They shouldn't have needed Magic to win. With him, surely they will."

Surely. For Magic has exuberance that registers an 8.5 on the Richter scale, which is the main missing ingredient in the pro game. There are those who snipe that he can't jump well, can't play defense at all, can't be a guard at 6'8" and can't shoot well enough to play forward. All he can do, it seems, is get his team to win by finding fast-break opportunities when there seem to be none and repeatedly making passes of star quality. Los Angeles Assistant Coach Paul Westhead says, "He's like an artist. He creates basketball as he goes along." Laker General Manager Bill Sharman says his only concern about Johnson is that "he has had so much success so quickly that I hope we don't expect too much too soon."

For his part, Magic says, "I discovered as a kid that the way to win was not to have a bunch of guys who could shoot 20-foot jump shots. What we'd do is get five average guys who could shoot layups. Then we'd pass—and win."

Johnson signed for considerably less money than Bird got. One source says Magic received \$300,000 a year for four years, plus a \$100,000 signing bonus. During the negotiations, Magic fired his agent, Georgia attorney Jack Manton, and pretty much went it alone, with a bit of help from his father and a longtime friend, Charles Tucker. "I had him \$600,000 a year for five years," says Manton. "What Magic and his people did was leave \$1.5 million on the table. It's sad."

But others say Magic got a whole lot more than that. Included in the deal, according to these sources, was a lot of real estate and deferred money. Whatever the dollars, the prognosis is for NBA success for both Bird and Johnson. "They're both intelligent," says Fitch. "By that, I don't mean either one could necessarily win a spelling bee, but they are smart about basketball." "If they don't turn out to be great, they will be better than mundane," says Chicago General Manager Rod Thorn. "Neither will be a bust."

The intrigue surrounding Bird's signing made for the highest-rated Boston soap opera in years. There was lots of animosity, especially between Woolf and Red Auerbach, president of the Celtics. In their first meeting, Red groused, "I hope you don't believe those numbers I've been seeing in the papers."

"Of course not, Red," said Woolf. "I'm thinking a lot higher."

Later, cigar ashes drifting onto his blue sweater, Auerbach muttered, "Bird's a cornman, that's all he is. And that makes him the least important of the three major positions—center, fast guard, then corner."

As it turned out, Auerbach proved to have much more sway with the Boston press than Woolf. The agent still gets angry when he recalls the repeated, albeit wrong, references in the media to his "demands" for \$1.2 million a year for Bird. "Look, Red started fooling with me at \$250,000," says Woolf. "I told him, 'I'm going to ask for \$1 million and you say no. Then you've got to start at \$500,000, and

I'm going to say no. Come on, Red, you come up and I'll come down. That's the way negotiations work.'" No soap. Or more soap. Whatever. Said Auerbach, "Larry Bird can help, but he's not a franchise. Geez, you got to keep your self-respect. After all, he can't play by himself."

Countered a miffed Woolf, "I feel an athlete is entitled to everything he can get, as long as we don't put anybody out of business." Woolf gets about 5% of the deal and upwards of 15% of endorsements and other dealings. "The money means almost nothing to me," says Woolf. "Larry is a great human being with great character, and I am so proud he picked me." In fact, the choice came down to Woolf and Reuben Katz, who represents Pete Rose, among others. Woolf has asked Bird why he won out. "That other man was too smart for me, Mr. Woolf," says Larry. "That's why I picked you."

No sooner had he picked Woolf than Bird broke his finger playing softball, but he was his usual laconic self in one phone conversation with his new agent early last spring. "If the Celtics want me, they'll call," said Bird. "If they don't want me, they won't call. Get lots of sleep, Mr. Woolf, and take care of yourself. I'm going fishin'." And the self-described hick from French Lick did just that.

As the weather warmed, recrimination, lies and threats were rampant. Blunders by the Celtics' ownership in recent years had made Bostonians surly, and now it seemed that Bird—clearly the most important rookie to come to town since Auerbach, in a brilliant coup, got the rights to and signed Bill Russell in 1956—might fly away. Once Woolf got lost driving in nearby Worcester, asked for directions and was told, "Not unless you promise to sign Bird." Woolf wouldn't promise, he got no directions.

Then in June, after numerous meetings, Auerbach came to Woolf's 45th-floor office overlooking the Charles River. He sat glumly on a black vinyl couch. Four times he walked out; four times Woolf grabbed him in the outer office and brought him back. "It was very civil," says Woolf. "He'd blow up, then we'd work some more. Red goes through life like hot lava." After 3½ hours the deal was struck.

Still, to the dismay of Boston fans yearning for an instant return to glory, Dave Cowens, who as player-coach led the Celtics to a last-place finish in the Atlantic Division last season, says, "This team needs a lot more than Larry Bird. Whether he has a tremendous impact on us depends on the players he plays with." To that, Coway adds hope: "Bird will make everyone else play better."

The amount of money Bird got is too much, even though it's the going rate. Woolf agrees and says it would be especially awful "if Larry doesn't put out 100%." Bird grins as he says, "I will, Mr. Woolf, I will. I know I ain't gonna be great right off, but I ain't afraid to get out there and try. You never know which point will be the most important one." For the Celtics, the most important point was getting him signed, for they know Bird can do a ton for them in many areas. Ticket



Magic now does his tricks—such as looking one way and passing the other—for L.A.

sales in Boston Garden, for example, have skyrocketed almost 25%.

Only injury is cited by basketball experts as an eventuality that could keep stardom from his door. Most feel that, at the worst, he will start out as merely good and then get great. In his first exhibition game Bird scored 18 points against Philadelphia, followed that with 13 against Washington and then he erupted for 36 in a loss to the Knicks in which he made half of his 24 shots, added 15 rebounds and left a vivid impression. Former Marquette Coach Al McGuire thinks the money may be a weight around his neck, that black players will be particularly anxious to handcuff him and that he is a bit slow afoot. "I make up for it by being smart," says Bird. While it may be only speed that Bird lacks, Cousy contends that when it comes to superstars, "Speed definitely separates the men from the boys."

Pro basketball is and always has been littered with college stars who failed to fulfill their promise in the pros. Even Tom Gola and Bill Bradley, two of the best college players ever—and, interestingly, both white guys who were a bit slow afoot—failed to become transcendent pros. They were only

solid. Says Bird, "If I fail, I fail. I've failed classes before. I know the feeling."

It is unlikely that Bird will fail, what with his unerring accuracy from the outside (the new three-point rule helps him), but his preference is to pass. "If the other guys score," says Bird, "you start seeing a gleam in their eyes. Besides, passing is more of an art than scoring." At a recent dinner on Cape Cod, Ethel Kennedy asked him what he liked most about basketball. "Passing," said Bird. Woolf heard that, laughed and said, "See what a great guy he is?" Al McGuire thinks it will take Bird one season before he'll be an all-star. "I know what I can do and what I can't," says Bird. But when pressed, he can't think of much he can't do. Nor can anyone else.

The doubt most frequently heard is: can Bird handle stardom? He's not a flash and dash kind of guy. Like a Boston hero of another era, Ted Williams, he doesn't wear ties. He quit Indiana University after a couple of weeks because it was too big. He asked Woolf just to mail him his contract so he wouldn't have to bother to come to Boston and sign it in the limelight. When he bought a home, he got a \$100,000 ranch house on a site adjoining Woolf's property in Brookline. When showing Bird another house, Woolf told him, "This is a nice neighborhood, a lot of doctors and lawyers." "I don't want to live here," said Bird. "Who am I going to talk to?"

Woolf tries to promote Bird as a man with Will Rogers' humor, and Bird often measures up. For example, after knocking himself out to show his client around the Metropolitan Boston area, Woolf asked Bird, "Is Boston better or worse than you thought it would be?" Answered Bird, "About the same."

However, he has often hidden his humor—and himself—from the press. But there is suspicion that he was encouraged in this by his Indiana State coach, Bill Hodges, in an ill-advised attempt to show the press the error of its ways. Still, in Boston, where reporters have been known to get on an athlete now and again, Bird could have his moments. Asked about this potential trouble area, he says, "I'm nice to people I like." And people sure seem to like Bird. Converse, Spalding, 7-Up and Ford have opened their checkbooks to him. "There's a mystique about Larry," says Woolf, forever the agent.

The other day as Woolf was professing his love for a partridge that has lived on his property for years, and Bird was professing his love for bunting wildfowl, there was a break in the laughter, during which Bird was asked to describe Bird.

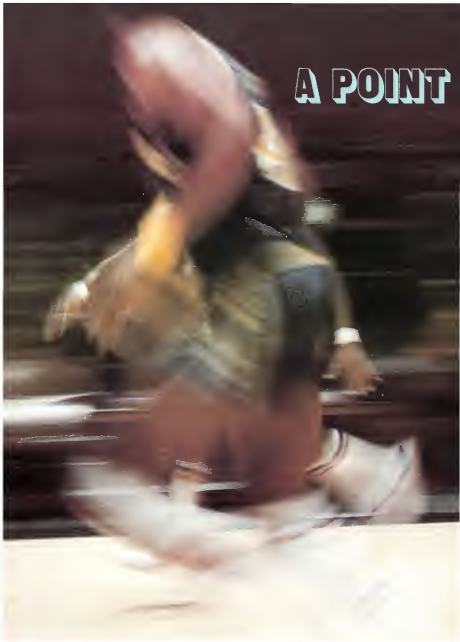
"Slow and big," he said.

And had Woolf given him any advice worth taking?

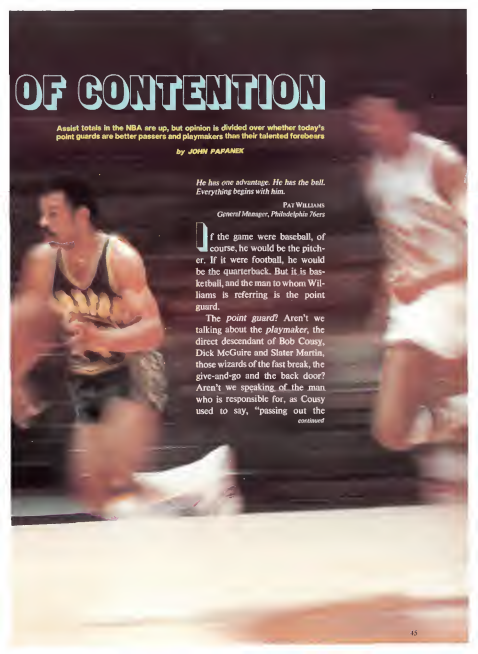
"Yeah," he said, "Don't pick up any checks at restaurants."

CONTINUED

A POINT



OF CONTENTION



Assist totals in the NBA are up, but opinion is divided over whether today's point guards are better passers and playmakers than their talented forebears

by JOHN PAPANEX

He has one advantage. He has the ball. Everything begins with him.

PAT WILLIAMS

General Manager, Philadelphia 76ers

If the game were baseball, of course, he would be the pitcher. If it were football, he would be the quarterback. But it is basketball, and the man to whom Williams is referring is the point guard.

The *point guard*? Aren't we talking about the *playmaker*, the direct descendant of Bob Cousy, Dick McGuire and Slater Martin, those wizards of the fast break, the give-and-go and the back door? Aren't we speaking of the man who is responsible for, as Cousy used to say, "passing out the

continued

sugar"—setting up the shot for the right man at the right time by putting the ball in his teammate's hands just where and when he can best use it?

Well, yes and no. There were play-makers, but that was way back before one-on-one, the 20-foot jumper and the mystical pleasures of slam-dunkery replaced the boring—ugh!—pass.

Now, as all basketball fans know, the pass is back—and it's anything but boring. As if by Magic it came flying in on the wings of a Bird. That's Earvin (Magic) Johnson and Larry Bird, who as collegians did for the pass what Dr. J and David T did for the dunk.

"People have told me that Magic and Bird are going to have a tremendous impact on the game," says Williams. "That they will have an infectious effect all the way down to the playgrounds for the next 10 years. Personally, I hope so. I hope we are entering a passing era. The good pass is about the most exciting play in basketball."

True enough, but let's spread the credit for all the excitement around. While the college boys have been the best P.R. men for the pass, of late a bunch of guys have come to the fore in the NBA who, while perhaps less publicized than Magic and Bird, are their equals as deft passers. Because the game has become so specialized since Cousy's day, giving us the high-post center, the low-post center, power forwards, small forwards, big guards, little guards, shot-blockers, intimidators, rebounding specialists, steal specialists, defensive specialists, and let's all welcome—trumpets, please—the three-point field-goal specialist, these fancy passers needed a job description, too. Hence the term "point" (or, sometimes, "lead") guard.

The point guard does many of the things that the classic playmaker did, especially pass, but so do many of today's centers—Alvan Adams and Bill Walton, to cite a couple—and forwards John Johnson and Rick Barry, to name just two. But the point guard is more than a mere passer. For one thing, he seems to fit a certain profile: he's generally the smallest player on the starting five, quick and peppery (although this season we will see a point guard who is 6' 8", quick and peppery, named Magic). He most certainly must be a superb passer, but to keep today's increasingly complex and effective

defenses honest, he must be able to score as well, even though he probably has a man 6' 5" or taller who is a 50% shooter (and, therefore, known as the "shooting guard") sharing the backcourt with him. He must, as Williams says, "have a minimal ego without a lot of hangups, keep everyone happy and get everyone involved. If he creates animosity on his team, he fouls everything up."

"He must control the tempo of the game," says Atlanta's Coach Hubie Brown. "When the defense closes one offense down, the good point guard can go to something else and keep the tempo of the game moving."

Good point guards are tough to come up with. "The easiest player to find is the shooting guard," says Bullet General Manager Bob Ferry, "but try to find one who is willing to give it up on the break."

"They're harder to come by than centers, if you want to be honest about it," says Williams.

"Above all," says Washington Coach Dick Motta, "he must be completely unselfish. And that lets most of the players in the NBA out."

The place to find the best point guards is at the top of last season's list of assist leaders, Phil Ford, 6' 2", of the Kansas City Kings, the North Carolina star who was the second player selected in the





1978 college draft, takes an outlet pass from Center Sam Lacey and barrels toward midcourt, dribbling the ball behind his back once to shake off his defender. Then he launches a perfect bounce pass to Forward Scott Wedman, breaking to the basket from the wing. Two points. In his first pro season Ford pumped new life into the previously dormant Kings, led them into the playoffs, and was voted the NBA's Rookie of the Year.

Noem Nixon, 6' 2", of the Los Angeles Lakers, a little-known plugger at Duquesne despite having smashed all that school's assist records two years ago, brings the ball across the 10-second line

and sets up on the point—that is, the top of the free-throw circle—while three teammates run their defenders into Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in hopes of forcing a defensive switch that will leave Abdul-Jabbar matched against a relative midjet. The defense doesn't fall for the strategy; four men collapse around the giant center, leaving Nixon with the ball. Swish goes a 20-footer. Nixon's .542 shooting percentage in 1978-79 was the highest among guards, and this season he may have to become the shooter if Johnson takes over the point.

John Lucas, 6' 3", of the Golden State Warriors, the multitalented lefty who in 1976 gained the distinction of being the first pure playmaking guard ever chosen No. 1 in the entire draft, dribbles with his eyes on the action developing around the Warriors' basket. Phil Smith, his backcourt partner, moves down low,

continued

Ford (left) was just a blur to Kansas City's opponents, while L.A.'s Nixon was double trouble with his passes and deft shooting touch. Lucas (page 45) kept Golden State's offense streaking



swings across the baseline and moves off a double screen into the left corner. The instant he's open, the ball is in his hands as the result of perfect anticipation and a lightning-quick pass by Lucas. Just as quickly the ball is emerging from the bottom of the net.

Now here comes Kevin Porter, 6' even, in his seventh season, the old man (29) of the group. He is back in the uniform of the Bullets after two stints in Detroit and part of a season in New Jersey. He is coming up the floor hard, an intense, burning look in his eyes. He executes his trademark stutter dribble and the flashy high-kicking goose step. His defender is thrown off stride, and in a blink Porter is by him, soaring right down the middle of the lane, deftly penetrating the

no-little-man's-land around the basket with the ball held high for a layup attempt. The big guys converge on him, with visions dancing in their heads of Commissioner Larry O'Brien's signature tattooed on Porter's face as the basketball caroms off it. But—aha!—Bob Dandridge is momentarily left open, and instead of shooting, Porter dishes the ball to his right. Dandridge is literally presented with an easy layup. Two points.

It is, of course, an assist for Porter, just as it was for Lucas and Ford. Nixon took the shot, but don't make the mistake of thinking that he didn't perform as a good point guard should.

Phoenix Coach John MacLeod doesn't employ a point guard, but instead wants all his players to share the ball and the

passing duties equally. "Players who fire from 15 or 20 feet when they have a teammate wide open underneath are obviously selfish," says MacLeod. "But the hungry passer who ignores a wide-open 12-footer because he'd rather have the assist is every bit as selfish."

There are many people in the NBA who are not Kevin Porter fans. Atlanta's Brown flat out calls him "a loser." Porter attracted much attention last season when he piled up 1,099 assists, shattering Tiny Archibald's 1972-73 record of 910, and his average of 13.4 assists per game also surpassed Oscar Robertson's 11.5 in 1965 and was far better than Cousy's best average, 9.5, in 1960.

Ironically, these big numbers led many NBA people to call Porter selfish, be-

continued



Kevin Porter, traded by Detroit back to Washington, broke the assist record with 1,099 last season, 189 more than Tiny Archibald had in '72-'73.

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cause he controlled the ball too much.

"I'd like to see Porter's turnover totals," huffs Philadelphia Assistant Coach Chuck Daly. "He had a 12-turnover game against us."

Porter indeed led NBA guards in turnovers (337), but he more than made up for them with all those assists—each of which, it must be remembered, was worth two points to his team. In fact, Porter was worth more points to the Pistons last season than any other guard in the league was to his team, including the NBA scoring champion, George Gervin of San Antonio, who pumped in 29.6 points a game. Porter's productivity is determined by adding his scoring average (15.4) to the points resulting from his assists (26.8 a game), and then subtracting one point for each turnover—in Porter's case, 4.1 a game. (The Elias Sports Bureau, which keeps NBA statistics, has figured that for every two turnovers, one basket is scored by the opposing team.) The final tally on average points produced: Porter 38.1; Gervin (including his 2.7 assists and 3.6 turnovers a game) 31.4.

Few are ready to accord Porter a place in a pantheon with Cousy, Robertson, Jerry West and Lewny Wilkens. "Let's not even mention Porter and Cousy in the same breath," says Kansas City Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons. But there are reasons other than sheer passing skill for Porter's assist numbers being remarkably better than those of the all-time greats. The most significant is the higher proficiency of today's shooters. "Years ago each team had a few good players and the rest were garbage," says Boston President Red Auerbach. Adds Wilkens, now the coach of the Seattle SuperSonics, "Today a guy who has the ball knows he has four people he can hit with a pass, each of whom has an excellent chance of scoring a basket."

Cousy's 1960 Celtics were the NBA's second-best shooting team that season, with a .417 percentage. Porter's 1978-79 Pistons ranked in the bottom third and still hit .475. Another difference is that until 1970 all defensive fouls resulted in free throws, eliminating the chance for an assist. Today, if an offensive player is fouled when he isn't shooting and if the bonus rule is not in effect, his team takes the ball in from out of bounds, so there is a good chance for an assist. A third factor, and by no means the least im-

portant, is the change in scorekeeping.

"In the old days, the pure assist was a pass that led directly to a layup, period," says Morry Moorawnick, who has been the official scorer for the Pistons since they moved to Detroit from Fort Wayne in 1957. "Sometimes the shooter would be allowed one dribble, but the shot had to come immediately. It had to be the pass that made the basket and not the shot."

Among the players who occasionally complained to scorekeepers that they were being shorted in their assist totals was Al Attles, whose job with the Warriors was to feed Wilt Chamberlain for slam dunks and fadeaway jumpers.

"You only have me down for three assists," Attles griped to Moorawnick during one halftime. "Wilt had eight baskets and I passed for all of them."

"That doesn't mean they're assists," said Moorawnick. "For you to get an assist, Wilt must shoot immediately, without movement or fakes."

"Well, at home they're assists," said Attles.

This illustrates some important points. First, what is and what is not an assist varies from scorer to scorer. Second, because the official scorer is the hiring of the home team, he may apply a more generous standard for assists to the local players than to the visitors.

In an effort to keep assist statistics honest, the Elias Bureau recently determined, using statistical analyses, that there should be one assist for about every 1.8 baskets. If Elias receives box scores that don't fit the formula, suspicious glances are cast. Under the rules, an assist is credited to the player who makes the last pass leading directly to a basket, as long as the shooter demonstrates "immediate reaction" to the pass. This holds for layups as well as 50-foot heaves. Thus, Nixon, say, would pick up an assist for: a) hitting Jamaal Wilkes for a fast-break layup; b) tossing a high lob to Abdul-Jabbar, who head-fakes twice before pivoting for a sky hook; and c) handing the ball to Don Ford, who somehow manages to sink a full-court buzzer beater.

But what of today's assist champions? Is a Porter or a Ford as good as a Cousy or a Robertson? "The only skill which

has improved in recent years is shooting," says Cousy. "All other areas of fundamental basketball have regressed. Until I first saw Magic Johnson and Bird, I had not seen a true playmaker in a long time. Ernie DiGregorio was probably the last."

West, who is such a perfectionist that he ran out of patience coaching the less-than-perfect Lakers and gave up the job after three seasons, thinks the game has changed so much that now it belongs as much to the outstanding ball handler as to the seven-footer. "The traps and zone presses all over the floor have made for a looser game," he says. "When your team is being zone-pressed, you're going to give the ball to a player who's able to run by people. You hope he'll pick out someone to pass to. I don't particularly like that. I'd prefer that all players be able to handle and pass the ball."

As for the differences in the statistics between old and new passers, Moorawnick, whose strict standards probably cost Porter some assists in Detroit last season, believes Cousy or Robertson today would easily attain average-assists figures in middle to high double figures.

There are some other important facts regarding assists and assist leaders that must be noted here: 1) since Cousy just led the league in 1960, only one assist champion, West in 1972, played on an NBA championship team; 2) in none of the last four seasons has the NBA champion had a single player among the top 10 assist leaders; 3) in the NBA's 33 years, only five championship teams led the league in assists. Seattle last season ranked 17th. Washington in 1978 ranked 16th. Portland in 1977 ranked ninth.

What does all this mean? "It means that you're not going to have a winning team with one person controlling the ball," says Portland Coach Jack Ramsay. "In my opinion, the ball has to be moved all the time, which makes it incumbent on every player to be a good passer."

Few would disagree, but Motta pushed hard to bring Porter back to the Bulls. "Kevin is the premier fast-break guard in the league," he says, "the finest playmaker. He can bring the ball up quickly, and he knows how to get it to the right people. He's a creator. I don't want to get too bubbly, but it's hard not to get excited when I think of him running our offense."

END
CONTINUED

ATLANTIC DIVISION

Perhaps the ultimate signal that the electronic revolution is upon us is the fact that Eddie Gottlieb, the 81-year-old patriarch who for 31 years single-handedly hammered out the NBA's schedule, is now a consultant to a computer. The irony is that the schedule's new format—a team will play each of its intracategory rivals six times and each interconference opponent only twice—is in no way the result of computer wizardry. Rather, it was the league's owners who decided to junk the old four-games-against-everyone system. It might've been a good move, but who knows? These are the same superbrains who decided that last year's big improvement, the third referee, was no improvement at all—inasmuch as it cost money.

While the new schedule might strike some fans as bad for competitive balance—will good teams like Washington and Philadelphia fall asleep against weaker Eastern competition, while the powerful Western teams keep each other sharp?—the change is more likely to evoke the good old pre-expansion days, when players saw so much of certain opponents that they could identify them by the feel of their elbows.

That's terrific news for fans on the Atlantic Coast who yearn to see more of the kind of hot competition that occurs when the top teams, Philly and Washington, get together. The 76ers have stood pat, but won't necessarily be unchanged. There's been "a maturity, an understanding, a growing up together, lessons learned from adversity," in the lofty words of Dr. Julius Erving. Washington has largely the same roster, too, which means it's in a race not only with Philadelphia, but also against time, the dawning of the basketball equivalent of senility being just over the horizon. After all, how long can

the front line of Elvin Hayes, Wes Unseld and Bobby Dandridge, combined age pushing 99, keep on doing it?

The one change the Bullets made—re-acquiring Kevin Porter, who led Washington to a 60-22 record in 1974-75—will no doubt improve the miserable guard play that allowed Seattle to run the Bullets off the floor in last spring's championship finals. Moreover, the addition of Porter gives the Bullets starting talent that is unequalled in the NBA. But balanced against the absence of backup Center-Forward Mitch Kupchak, Porter's arrival could amount to a net of zero. Kupchak missed the playoffs, had back surgery in July and could be out until January. If he returns in top form then, the Bullets will be fine. Some pluses are the re-signing of Kevin Grevey and the blossoming of muscular Greg Ballard into a first-rate frontcourt relief man. But Washington will be in a sorry state if much relief is needed, because until Kupchak comes back Ballard is the only reliable man in the bullpen.

The last time anyone saw Philadelphia General Manager Pat Williams he was jogging around a San Antonio hotel at midnight after the 76ers were embarrassed in the conference semifinals by the Spurs.



Money talks to say goodbye to the three-referee system

"Last year there was a conflict over team objectives from Day 1," says Erving. "Our offense was confined. This year we'll have an offense with fewer controls." Erving would have you believe that it will be a Dr. J offense, and it could be that because Erving's knees feel better. Darryl Dawkins promises to be "more professional, you know, low profile" and says he will hold off his boxing career until after his retirement—say, about 1993—from the NBA. Caldwell Jones is now comfortable at the big forward spot, and Bobby Jones is content to come off the bench with Steve Mix and offer defense where needed. But the best news in Philly is that Doug Collins, who missed 35 games and all of the playoffs with a foot injury, is as good as new. He should give the 76ers a dazzling backcourt tandem, with Maurice Cheeks, who matured into a top point guard last year. With Collins, the 76ers surely would have beaten San Antonio, probably Washington, and maybe even Seattle last year. If peace and good health endure in the Sixer camp, this could well be the promised year.

Meanwhile, the New Jersey Nets continue their indefatigable climb from patsy to power. This quiet bunch of unknowns made the playoffs last season by playing the league's switchinest, scrappiest, toughest defense, as taught by Coach Kevin Loughery. Since then the Nets have used two first-round draft picks to haul in some genuine talent. From Northeast Louisiana comes small Forward 6' 6" Calvin Natt, who was so impressive in exhibitions that the Nets traded high-scoring (21.6 points per game) Bernard King. Center John Gianelli and Guard Jim Boylan to Utah for Center Rich Kelley, the second-leading rebounder in the league last season. From USC comes 6' 9" Cliff Robinson, a classically built power forward. In reserve up front, Loughery has 6' 10" Bob Elliott, coming off a knee injury, and 6' 11" shot-blocker George Johnson.

The ball will ride with Fast Eddie Jordan, but it will fly from howitzers who should fittingly make the Nets leaders in the new ABA-

style, three-point field goals. Not only are gunners John Williamson and Ralph Simpson still around, but New Jersey has acquired the services of the alltime champion three-point shooter and last active ABA original, Louie Dampier. Dampier, 34, hit 794 "home runs" in nine years, pumping away at a .358 clip, so when the Nets are behind this year, don't head for the parking lot too soon.

Despite what Bill Fitch says, "the green shoes" are not the toughest adjustment the new coach of the Celtics has had to make. First of all, the former Cleveland coach is the first "outsider" to lead the Celtics in 29 years. He is coaching his predecessor, Dave Cowens, who is more fit and enthusiastic than he's been in years. And he has the league's most-touted rookie, Larry Bird. All of which is nearly enough to get Celtic fans thinking that championship banner No.

14 will shortly be hanging from the rafters of Boston Garden. It won't happen this year, but the Celtics, a 29-53 team in 1978-79, certainly have taken a strong forward step. As for this season, Cowens spent the summer working out on a Nautilus machine and came in looking like a cross between Darryl Dawkins and the World Trade Center. Boston has four superb passers in its starting lineup in Bird and Cowens and guards Tiny Archibald and Chris Ford, with free agent Forward M. L. Carr in reserve. Scoring could be a problem. Though Bird is expected to lend a hand, most of the point-production burden will fall on Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell, the NBA's leading percentage shooter last year. But Fitch has been after him for more defense.

The Knicks have tried just about every option open to a team with endless

corporate millions behind it—except for exercising intelligence and patience. Last year's instant savior, Center Marvin Webster, became a bust, partly because of a knee injury, partly because he was blown away by pressure from management, media and fans. With the knee still bothering him, Webster has lost his job to 7' 1" rookie Bill Cartwright of San Francisco. Cartwright has looked so good that New York—if it decides to try to build a team, instead of buy one—might want to make him the cornerstone, but the Knicks' other two first-rounders, forwards Larry Demie (Arizona) and Sly Williams (Rhode Island) are question marks. That leaves Toby Knight as the only experienced cornerman. In the backcourt, Ray Williams is still prone to lose control of his considerable talent. Earl Monroe, 34, still belongs in the NBA, but—please—not on the Knicks.

CENTRAL DIVISION

For three years Atlanta Hawk Coach Hubie Brown has patiently nurtured his band of low-priced castaways and carefully developed draft choices into one of the league's most stable—and, now, most talented—teams. There are no superstars in Atlanta. In fact, few fans knew anyone was there until the playoffs last spring, when the Hawks knocked off Houston and then almost beat Washington. Will Atlanta get the conference semifinals this season? Bet on it.

The main reason is that the Hawks have well-defined roles; Brown has meticulously assigned each Hawk a job that the player is well suited to fill. Take forward Armond Hill, for example. He's in his fourth season, and he knows his prime function is to set up the offense and leave most of the backcourt scoring to Eddie Johnson. Hill has played in every Hawk game for two seasons and has the third longest starting streak in the league (198 games). He had 5.9 assists a game last season, ninth-best in the league. Johnson fin-

ished second on the team in five categories—including scoring (16.0)—and was named to the league's all-defensive second team. "Armond and I know we have to apply pressure high and early," he says. "They still may make the play, but, hey, they're going to be real tired of us in their faces by the third quarter and they're going to miss." Terry Furlow, a Cleveland castoff, averaged 15.1 points (and nearly as many insults) a game coming off the bench during the playoffs, and with Hill and Johnson he gives the Hawks one of the best backcourt corps in the league.

Forward John Drew, the NBA's 12th-leading scorer (22.7 points per game), lifted weights all summer so that he could lend a hand on the boards to 6' 8" Dan Roundfield. Only Houston's Moses Malone had more offensive rebounds (587) than Roundfield (326). Overall, Roundfield pulled in 10.8 rebounds per game, more than three a game better than either 7' 1" Tree Rollins or 6' 9" Steve Hawes, the Hawks' tandem at center. The Tree had foul problems—19 disqualifications—but was the NBA's third-best shot blocker, with 3.14 an outing.

Houston finished one game ahead of Atlanta in the regular season and the Rockets could be the Central's first-place team this time around. Albuquerque ho-

tel and bank owner George Maloof, who bought the franchise on May 25, wasted little time in naming Coach Tom Nis-salke and promoting three-year assistant Del Harris to his first head job. Maloof then traded a 1980 No. 1 draft pick for Bullet Guard Tom Henderson.

It would seem that Houston's strength, Center Moses Malone, couldn't improve. After all, he was the landslide choice for the league MVP last season. Nonetheless, Harris has been broadening Malone's game; on offense Moses will move more, set more screens and shoot more from the outside because, Harris says, Robert Reid can free Malone from some of his rebounding duties. "Mo will surprise some folks," says Harris. But even with Reid working underneath, it won't be surprising if Malone surpasses the pro record for offensive rebounds that he set last season. Malone was the league's fifth-leading scorer (24.8) and became only the sixth player to have both 2,000 points and 1,400 rebounds in a season. Improve on that? Go ahead, Mo, surprise us.

The Rockets went after Henderson to plug the guard spot opposite 5' 9" Calvin Murphy that five different men vainly tried to fill last year. Houston's frontcourt includes the stylish 6' 8" Reid, who had a strong exhibition campaign. The other forward spot will be shared by

continued

Rudy Tomjanovich and Rick Barry, who's nearing the end of a brilliant career but is still capable of a big night.

Coach Doug Moe and his running San Antonio *caballeros* are going to find themselves hard pressed to retain the division title they narrowly won in a mad scramble with the Hawks and Rockets last season. George Gervin, the league scoring champ for two straight years, again leads the Spurs, who scored more than any other team (119.3) and ran the Bulls dizzy in the Eastern Conference finals before losing a dramatic seventh game while trying to play—what?—defense. When the 6-7 Iceman isn't freezing the nets, Forward Larry Kenon is. Special K, an erstwhile free agent who signed a one-year contract shortly before camp opened, is coming off a strong season.

The biggest worry in South Texas is a lack of depth. Louie Dampier packed his free-agent bags and his three-point gun and headed for Piscataway, N.J. Also gone are Center Mike Green (to K.C.) and forwards Allan Bristow (Utah) and Coby Dietrick (Chicago), who provided a lot of what little rebounding the Spurs had. Center Bill Paulitz spent the summer massaging his ego; he slipped from 15.8 to 11.5 in scoring and from 8.4 to 7.9 a game in rebounds. Massive—6' 9", 230-pound—Mark Olberding apparently will start opposite Kenon. The No. 1 draft pick, Forward Wiley Peck of Mississippi State, led the SEC in rebounding last year but had a tendency to get in foul trouble during the exhibitions.

James Silas, the Spurs' anchor in the backcourt, missed most of two seasons following knee surgery in 1976, but proved he's fully recovered by finishing third among San Antonio's scorers. The No. 3 guard is a good one—experienced Mike Gale, the Spurs' leader in assists.

In Cleveland, former Los Angeles Assistant Coach Stan Albeck has replaced Bill Fitch and installed a new fast-break offense. Unfortunately, he has slow-break players. Albeck arrived amid a sea of discontent. Walt Frazier and his bad foot appeared in only 12 games last season, and Fitch contended the pain was in Frazier's head, which led to several unpleasant



Schedule maker Gottlieb has something new under his hat

moments. "I don't think it was just me," says Frazier. "Bill didn't hit it off with anyone." Now, Clyde's happy. But former Clipper Guard Randy Smith isn't, even though his presence in Cleveland has put some wind in the Cavs' ticket sales and should puff up the Cleveland offense, which can't help but benefit a little from Albeck's running style. A year ago, the Cavs were third from the bottom in scoring (106.5). Randy Smith can put the ball in the hole—he had 20.5 points a game last year for San Diego—and so can Austin Carr, the Cavs' second-leading scorer (17.0). Fitch Walker, a strong defensive guard, can neatly complement either Smith or Carr. Up front, 6' 8" Campy Russell leads the scorers (21.9), while promising second-year Forward Mike Mitchell is strong and moves well inside. The key will be the ever-ailing Center Elmore Smith, who was out most of last year with aching knees. He still has physical problems and 6' 10" journeyman John Lambert may end up getting most of the pivot time, along with Dave Robisch.

In Detroit, Coach Dick Vitale, Mr. Bubbles, thinks it will be a very good year. But except for his effervescence, the Pistons are pretty flat. Assist champ Kevin Porter and steady Forward M. L. Carr couldn't come to contract terms, so they went elsewhere. In their stead, the Pis-

tions have rookies and a big new name, Bob McAdoo, whose presence should sell tickets, if not win games. Two of the first-year men, UCLA Guard Roy Hamilton and Michigan State Forward Gregory Kelsner, played in last season's NCAA final eight. Forward Phil Hubbard, late of Michigan, will line up opposite McAdoo, acquired from the Celtics as compensation for Carr. While McAdoo won't turn Detroit into a playoff threat—any more than he transformed the Knicks or Celtics—Vitale believes his rookies will turn the trick someday. Of Kelsner, he says, "I will be shocked and amazed if he doesn't become one of the premier small forwards in the league."

Vitale will be better off if Bob Lanier stays healthy, and if Forward John Shumate, who sat out last season with a pulmonary em-

bolism, can play effectively. Lanier averaged 23.6 points last year, but missed 29 games with a bad knee and feuded with his friend Vitale, reportedly over Vitale's grouching that Lanier wouldn't play hurt more often. "I'd hate to go through another season like that," says Lanier, who is partners with Vitale in a summer basketball camp.

Moving to the Central Division (New Orleans' transfer to Utah prompted the switch) was the best thing that could have happened to Indiana. Last season the Pacers' 38-44 record would have been good enough for the conference's final playoff spot.

Johnny Davis, the Pacers' leader in scoring (18.3) and assists (45.3) last year, will be the man who will principally determine if Indiana succeeds or fails. He's swift, talented and, most important, is still improving. The forwards, 6' 9" Mike Bantom, 6' 8" Alex English and 6' 7" Corky Calhoun, are a lightweight but productive group. On the other hand, 7-foot Center James Edwards hasn't delivered as expected. He had only 8.4 rebounds a game last year.

The Pacers have developed well under Sick Leonard, but their lack of depth and of beef in the front line may prove their undoing. If something can be done, however, Leonard will do it. He didn't earn his nickname for nothing.

continued

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MIDWEST DIVISION

Forget that stuff about the NBA's regular season being meaningless. The members of this division will have to play every game as if it's crucial if any of them—other than the champion—hopes to make the playoffs. Six clubs per conference, including the division champs, will qualify for postseason play, and the Midwest teams will be vying for those spots with the apparently more powerful Pacific squads.

Defending champion Kansas City invited 17 players to training camp—enough to stock an "A" squad, a "B" team and a trout stream to be named later. No wonder the Kings appear to be both deep and strong. In one year K.C. went from last to first and then got hammered by Phoenix in the first round of the playoffs because, among other reasons, Kings Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons didn't have an adequate backup for Center Sam Lacey. So Kansas City acquired 6' 10" Mike Green from San Antonio. Meanwhile, Fitzsimmons is holding to the hope—albeit a slim one—that 7' 3" Tom Burleson will return to action. K.C. was 35–21 last season before he tore three of the four ligaments in his left knee in February. While sharing the pivot with Burleson, Lacey came through with the finest work of his career. But with Burleson injured, Lacey had to play full time and often got into foul trouble.

Scott Wedman should be his usual reliable self at small forward, where he has scored in double figures in more than 50 straight games and is the Kings' best defensive player. In the other corner, things have been pleasantly muddled for Fitzsimmons by rookie Reggie (Mule) King from Alabama, who was so impressive in exhibition play that Kansas City tried to trade Bill Robinson, the incumbent strong forward.

Phil Ford, the NBA Rookie of the Year in 1978–79, will run the show from point guard, and Otis Birdsong was shooting with such deadly accuracy at the other guard spot during training camp that it

seemed every time he touched the ball the Kings would shout in unison, "Sing, Bird, sing!" With all this talent, you would think Fitzsimmons would be optimistic. He isn't.

"Last year we won on emotion," he says, "but this is not the kind of team that can play poorly and win. Some teams have enough outstanding talent to do that—we don't, and we can't. We could win our division, but we can also finish in the cellar. If we play bad, we lose."

Another team that always seems to play just badly enough to lose—the big ones, anyway—is Denver, which should fall just short again this year. The coach at the start of last season was Larry Brown, who brought in those noted individualists George McGinnis and Charlie Scott and tried to get them to adjust to Denver's one-for-all style. When they and some of the other Nuggets didn't meet Brown's expectations, he flew the Cuckoo's Nest in February with a case of "nerves," and assistant Donnie Walsh became the coach.

For the first time since Denver joined the NBA in 1976, it made no major trades during the off-season, a fact that could go a long way toward enhancing the Nuggets' playoff hopes. "Larry's philosophy was that if you didn't win a championship, you went out and got a bunch of new players," says Dan Issel, the Nuggets' longtime center. "For the first time that I can remember, I walked into the locker room and didn't need a program to tell who was here."

The question in Denver is not so much who is there, but if, as that noted NBA savant Gertrude Stein once pointed out, there is enough there. McGinnis is coming off a season in which he averaged 22.6 points and 10.5 rebounds a game, but he tore ligaments in his left ankle on March 30 and had his foot in a cast for three months. He came to camp weighing 260 pounds, 25 pounds over his playing weight. By last weekend he was down to 240. Bobby Wilkerson is the small forward, though he's a natural point guard, a spot Scott now occupies. The trick would be to get Scott to accept a more limited role, so that rookie Gary Garland from DePaul could get more playing time alongside David Thompson. Thompson, of course, is one of the game's most gifted players, with a 25.8 career

scoring average, and he finally seems settled in the backcourt after playing most of his career at forward. "The world has not seen the real David Thompson," says the unreal one. "I intend to come out this year doing the things—the little things—that will add to my game."

Denver cannot afford anything like its 17–19 start of last season and hope to stay alive in the race for a playoff berth. "I think last year everybody was waiting for Kansas City to fold," says Issel, "and it never did."

Just when it was beginning to look as if Milwaukee would finally make good on its promise of two years ago, when the young Bucks rolled over Phoenix in the first round of the playoffs, the talented Marques Johnson reared his handsome head and demanded that his contract be renegotiated, though it still has three years to run. His absence during training camp and the divisiveness wrought by his demand for renegotiation cannot help but raise additional questions about a team that was already in need of a few answers.

Johnson may well have become the league's most complete forward in his two NBA seasons, having averaged 22.4 points and 9.1 rebounds for Milwaukee. But Coach Don Nelson says, "The Bucks have never been a one-man team."

Johnson vastly enhances the Bucks, as do their two good shooting guards, Brian Winters and Junior Bridgeman. Milwaukee also took Sidney Moncrief of Arkansas No. 1 in the draft. Moncrief was too good a player to pass up, but unless he can supplant Quinn Buckner as the playmaker, Nelson had better start figuring how he's going to sneak a three-guard offense past people.

But what Milwaukee most needs is the kind of performance from Center Kent Benson that it has never gotten from the big redhead since drafting him first in 1977. Benson began to show modest improvement last season, but lest that pattern got continue, the Bucks got Harvey Catchings from New Jersey as insurance. "He gives us a new dimension at center," Nelson says. "A shot blocker, a good transition player and an intimidator." Although Catchings stands 6' 11", he weighs only 220 pounds, and though he can jump, the only person in the NBA he's likely to intimidate is Benson.

continued

In fact, when it comes to intimidation, the best the Bucks may be able to hope for is the reemergence of Dave (Crash) Meyers at power forward. Meyers missed all of last season with a back injury. If he is able to regain his form of two seasons ago, when he was often mistaken for a rabies victim as he thundered to the basket, Milwaukee has a chance to rise in the standings.

The Utah Jazz, formerly the New Orleans French Quarter, may or may not tear the league apart, depending on how long Coach Tom Nissalke can maintain peace—that is, keep his pistol of gunsners passing to one another.

Utah General Manager Frank Layden wasted little time acquiring a whole new front line to go with Pete Maravich and Ron Lee in the backcourt. Layden's first coup was signing 6' 7" Forward Alan Bristow, who had become a free agent

after four seasons in San Antonio. Bristow is one of the best in the league coming off the bench, and he will get a chance to do just that because Layden engineered a trade with New Jersey for a formidable starter at small forward, Bernard King. King has had his share of off-court problems since entering the NBA two years ago, but he is one of the best shooters around, with 22.8 points.

In between those two moves, Layden picked up Adrian Dantley for Spencer Haywood in a deal with Los Angeles; he also got Center John Givens—while giving up Rich Kelley—in the King deal. What Nissalke will do with the wild bunch Layden has assembled for him is anybody's guess. The first thing he must do is find a way to give Maravich, King and Dantley each his own ball.

The Chicago Bulls should be less dreadful than they were last year

(31–51), but that won't help matters much. Rickey Sobers has been acquired from Indiana to bring some stability to the backcourt, where Reggie Theus is quickly gaining a reputation as one of the premier big guards in the league. Artis Gilmore is back in the middle, after having been dangled about as trade bait all summer, and he will get his points, as usual, and probably lead the league in either blocked shots, rebounds or frustration, as usual. If Forward Scott May's knee finally stops bothering him, the Bulls could be respectable. But not good. Fiery Jerry Sloan is in his first year as the Chicago coach and has announced that, "I won't be as disappointed if we lose this season as I will be if we take it casually. If there's a loose ball and nobody goes for it, I don't care if the score is 100–50—I'm going to come down on somebody hard."

PACIFIC DIVISION

Seattle should be at least as good this year as it was last, when it won the NBA championship, but this season the division has become the league's own Muscle Beach. So it's going to be hard for any team, even one as good as the Sonics, to kick sand into anyone's face. Five of the six clubs have a good chance to win the NBA title next spring, and from top to bottom the Pacific may be the toughest division in sports. "It's going to be a dogfight every night," says Seattle Forward John Johnson. Adds Phoenix General Manager Jerry Colangelo, "With each team forced to play the others six times apiece, records won't be indicative of strength. There will be some teams in the East with better won-lost records, but the Pacific is where the power will be."

It seems almost certain that some team from the Pacific will make it to the play-off finals, and if that happens, it will be the eighth time in the past nine seasons a team from that division has been a final-

ist. Seattle not only seems a good bet to be in the Final Two, but also to pick up the championship trophy again and, thereby, become the first team to win back-to-back league titles since the Celtics in 1967-68 and '68-69.

The Sonics are so confident that they made no off-season trades, drafted only four college players before retiring in the fifth round and signed only three of them.

Seattle appears deep at every position, beginning at guard with Dennis Johnson, who led the team in blocked shots, and Gus Williams, who was its leading scorer (19.2 points a game). Williams and Johnson may be the best backcourt in the game, and right behind them on the bench is Downtown Freddie Brown, who can pad his scoring average without changing his style now that the three-point basket has come to the NBA. In an exhibition game against Portland, Brown nailed two three-pointers in three tries. "I think it'll be another love story," says Brown of the Sonics' prospects.

Wilkins was so pleased with the job Jack Sikma did at center after being moved from forward to the pivot last November that Sikma will stay in the middle. Tom LaGarde, who was starting until he injured his knee, will be the backup. At forward, Lonnie Shelton looks as if he has overcome a penchant for erratic

play that plagued him the first few years of his career, and John Johnson will continue to draw the tough defensive assignments. Rookie James Bailey can play either small forward, power forward or center. "Chances are that we can be better than we were last year," says John Johnson, "but that doesn't mean we're going to be champions again."

Not if the Lakers have anything to say about it. Los Angeles has a new owner (Jerry Buss), a new coach (Jack McKinney), one of the most exciting new players in the NBA (Magic Johnson) and an old center with a new game (Kareem Abdul-Jabbar). Following four seasons of watching Kareem lope down the court after everyone else was set and jack up 12 zillion skyhooks, even the Valium junkies at the Forum (a/k/a Lakers fans) will notice that their team is moving kind of fast this year. McKinney has ordered a running game and has apparently persuaded Abdul-Jabbar to go along. McKinney told Kareem that if he would play an aggressive role in the Lakers' fast break, McKinney would cut his playing time by as much as 10 minutes a game to allow the 32-year-old center to catch his breath. Abdul-Jabbar agreed to try and the results have been heartening. But just how effective he will be may depend on Spencer Haywood, who has never dis-

tinguished himself as a team player during his 10 years in the pros. Haywood was acquired in a trade for Adrian Dantley. "I told Spencer I didn't need his 25 points," says McKinney. "But for us to win, I do need his strength on the boards." The Lakers also added Forward-Center Jim Chones in a trade with Cleveland for Dave Robisch.

It may well be that the best thing McKinney has going for him is Mage, and that may be enough. Johnson is listed at 6' 8", which would make him the tallest guard in the NBA, and he is still growing. He's certainly growing on Laker fans, who couldn't have helped noticing that Mage—known primarily, and justifiably, for his ball handling—went 20 for 30 in his first three exhibition games. Johnson will present a real defensive problem for even the tallest NBA guards, but it didn't take him long to find out that even the little guys can play: San Diego's Lloyd Free lit him up for 30 points two nights in a row.

Phoenix fans will once again find fun in the Suns, but no championship. Forward Truck Robinson is healthy now after off-season surgery on an arthritic finger. Robinson came to the Suns from New Orleans at midseason last year and was prominently stricken with a virus that kept him out of the lineup for nearly a month. The big question this season will be: How well will the 6' 7" Robinson—by inclination a small forward, and something of an offensive free-lancer at that—work with the Suns' other splendid small forward, 6' 6" Walter Davis? Davis averaged 23.6 points a game last year, but with Phoenix' small front line—slender Center Alvan Adams is only 6' 9"—he must contribute more than the 4.5 rebounds he got last season and play some tougher defense.

Paul Westphal is still one of the two or three best guards in the league, but Don Buse is such a mediocre scorer (7.8 points per game) that few teams play him honestly on defense. On the other hand, Buse is consistently among the NBA leaders in steals and assists, and he triggers the Suns' fast break.

"We're obviously not the most physical team around," says Phoenix Coach John MacLeod. "But we

have never looked this good on paper at the start of the season. I think you have to say we do have an excellent chance—on paper."

Portland, on the other hand, looks fairly lousy on paper—but terrific on the court. Power Forward Maurice Lucas reported to camp with a broken knuckle on his right hand, tonsillitis and a contract that he felt was inadequate. He asked to be traded. Mychal Thompson, another big forward, broke his left leg during the summer; he's expected to be out for most of the season.

All of which may end up mattering little, because Portland is deep in strong forwards. Kermit Washington came from San Diego as part of the compensation for Bill Walton. And Jim Brewer, acquired from Detroit, performed well in the exhibition season, as did a refugee from the Italian pro league, Abdul Jeelani.

Tom Owens was a surprise at center, averaging 18.5 points last season, and the addition of Kevin Kunnert gives Jack Ramsay depth and flexibility in the middle. But it remains to be seen if Bobby Gross can come back from last season's ankle and knee ailments and run the way he once could. If the Blazers get into trouble at small forward, they could always trade away one of their five quality guards—Lionel Hollins, Ron Brewer,

T. R. Dunn, Dave Twardzik and rookie Jim Paxson.

San Diego must keep Walton healthy for an entire season to be competitive within its division, but even if the Clippers do that, it may not be enough. "We're just one big Kermit Washington-type forward away from a championship," says Free. With 6' 7" Nick Weatherpoon at small forward, San Diego Coach Gene Shue will have to choose among Sidney Wicks, Marvin Barnes and Jerome Whitehead for his strong forward. Wicks and Whitehead not only can't do it all, as Washington could, but they also can't do any of it. And as for the extraordinarily talented Barnes, he's always been bad news off the court.

One of the things the Soviets complained of in the SALT II talks was that Lloyd Free's missiles kept showing up on their radar, and Free is still chucking them up about 20 feet in the air. Bill Walton or no Bill Walton "People relate to me as being a bad guy," Free says. "But I can't stop shooting the ball in order for us to win. Bill can help me and I can help him, and that's what we have to do."

Walton, though obviously rusty after a year and a half off, was intermittently awesome during exhibitions. But he missed the team's last four preseason games because of pain in his left foot, the one he broke in Portland. "That boy can play," said Magic Johnson after facing Walton for the first time.

The Golden State Warriors should stay where they finished last season—last Guard Phil Smith is still recovering from a torn Achilles tendon and won't be of much use before December. That leaves two fairly small guards, 6' 3" John Lucas and 6' 3" Jo Jo White, in the backcourt. Center Robert Parish (7 feet, 230 pounds) is pretty good, having scored 17.2 points an outing last year, but forwards Sonny Parker (6' 7"), Tom Abernethy (6' 7"), Purvis Short (6' 7") and 6' 5" rookie Lynbert (Cheese) Johnson from Wichita State must be better than they've shown for Golden State to compete successfully. As Coach Al Attles says, "On this team no position is sacred."



The three-point goal will require high-caliber cannons

continued

WBL

The flashing yellow lights on Madison Square Garden's marquee tell of a new show in the Big Apple: THE GARDEN WELCOMES THE WOMEN'S PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL LEAGUE AND THE NEW YORK STARS. HOME OPENER NOV. 17. The Stars, who in 1978-79 lost \$350,000 playing off-off Broadway at a 3,000-seat gym in New Rochelle, N.Y., this season will have 11 games in the Garden, six of them in WBL-NBA doubleheaders with the Knicks. "With rental costs of \$300,000 we don't expect to make money," says Stars President Ed Reisdorf, "but the Garden is the sports Mecca of New York and the world. We are no longer a secret." By the end of the season, that last sentence could apply to the entire league.

In its second year the WBL will have six new teams; a revised three-division alignment; national TV coverage of its season opener, All-Star game and final playoff series; clubs budgeting \$40,000 for promotion, a sorely overlooked area last season; and dates in such major arenas as the Garden, Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, Hofheim Pavilion in Houston and the Superdome in New Orleans, where 30,000 fans, the largest crowd ever to see a women's athletic event, are expected for the league's opener between the hometown Pride and the Stars.

In the revamped alignment, New York, the New Jersey Gems, the Washington Metros (formerly the Dayton Rockettes) and the new Philadelphia Fox are in the Eastern Division. The strongest division, the Midwest, includes the Chicago Hustle, Iowa Cornets, Minnesota Fillies, Milwaukee Does and an expansion club, the St. Louis Streak. The new Western Division consists of the defending champion Houston Angels and four first-year teams: the Anaheim-based California Dreams, the San Francisco Pioneers, the Dallas Diamonds and the Pride. The new franchises cost \$100,-

000 each, an increase of \$50,000 from last year, and the WBL's second wave of owners, stronger financially than their predecessors, aren't counting on quick profits. "I expect to lose \$100,000 a year for the next three seasons," says Dallas' Judson Phillips, a McDonald's franchisor. Despite the prospect of losses all over the league—a club needs an average attendance of 3,235 to break even; last season the WBL drew 3,000 per game—the WBL bosses seem optimistic. Chicago President John Geraty recently turned down \$1 million for the Hustle franchise, predicting it would be worth \$4 million in three years.

Officiating and coaching, shortcomings last season, should improve with the

Milwaukee, respectively. A top AIAW coach, Wayland Baptist's Dean Weese, will lead the Dallas Diamonds. All 14 WBL coaches are male. "Women just haven't got the necessary experience yet for head-coaching jobs," says Minnesota President Gordon Nevers. That's the league's standard line, but in reality women have shunned the pros because of better pay and newfound security in college coaching.

While female coaches have been reluctant to make the move, the wait-and-see attitude of the best women players has changed. The WBL is still without Carol (Blaze) Blazewski, the former Montclair (N.J.) State bomber—3,199 points in four seasons—who wants to participate in the 1980 Olympics, and Ann Meyers, who in a recent tryout with the NBA Pacers proved that a 5' 9" woman cannot compete with a 6' 5" man or even a 5' 9" man. But some other stars have signed. Ex-Olympians Nancy Dunkle, Gail Marquis and Charlotte Lewis have joined California, New York and Iowa, respectively. Mary Sharf, a 1977 All-America at Immaculata, will play for California; Heidi Nestor, late of UCLA, has signed with Milwaukee; and San Francisco has landed a dynamite drawing card in 5' 8½" Cardi Hicks, who last year played in Holland, where she scored 28 points a game and mastered the dunk.

Coach Frank LaPorte claims Hicks is better than Blaze and Meyers. If that's true, the Pioneers will be tough, but Houston and California are favored in the West. The Hustle has the edge in the Midwest, with '79 runner-up, Iowa, and Minnesota challenging. In the East, the Stars have the stars—Althea Gwyn, Marquis and No. 1 draft pick Pearl Moore, the alltime (men's and women's) collegiate scorer, 4,061 points, for Francis Marion College of Florence, S.C. As a player, Meminger was on championship teams in high school, college and the pros. He is now looking to complete "the golden circle." He may attain his goal, considering that no one in the league will be surprised if, come next April, the Garden's marquee reads: STARS WIN WBL TITLE.



It's a woman's world, except for all those male coaches

addition of 12 former NBA refs and five familiar NBA names among the coaches. Ex-Knicks Guard Dean (the Dream) Meminger will direct the Stars. Butch Van Breda Kolff, the colorful former coach of five NBA clubs, Knicks Assistant Coach Nat Frazier; retired player David Wohl; and former Bucks and Bulls head man Larry Costello will coach New Orleans, Washington, Philadelphia and

Reports by John Papanek, Bruce Newman, Roy S. Johnson, Nancy Williamson

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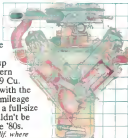
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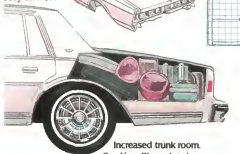
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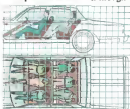
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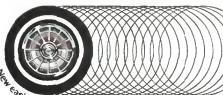
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Painting by Robert Glush

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That's the opinion of many futurists and scientists. A cooperative program like this between nations could put such a dent in aging and death we might create a whole new world of healthy, hearty 'Methuselahs'. And it would probably cost no more than we are all now spending on maintaining our old-age homes and other geriatric institutions.

Within the next few decades, a lifespan of 100, 200, 400 years and up may become a part of Homo Sapiens' on-going evolutionary destiny.

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Lowering Body Temperature, which alone might add many years to human life.

The future of life-extension is very promising. To many scientists, there is no question that the problem of aging will be solved within the next few generations—even without an all-out program.

That brings up two questions. If life-extension becomes commonplace, what will we do with all those great-great-great-great-great-grandparents? Will they hold onto their jobs forever? If they don't, who'll support them?

On the other hand, what if the first technology to prevent aging is incredibly expensive?

Will that mean that only the wealthy will be able to turn back the clock, or that the government will select the future 'Methuselahs', based on its own criteria—intelligence, race, talent, or perhaps, even political affiliation?

That is an untenable solution. But what are the alternatives? How can the people have a say in the matter? We *all* have a lot of things to think about.

But if you'd like to do more than just think about it, if you'd like to be able to make intelligent choices for the future, write for more information to:

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Rudy Hubbard grew up in Hubbard, Ohio, near the steel-mill towns in the northeastern part of the state. The town wasn't named after Rudy's forebears. They were black mill people. Rudy's father worked in the mills all his life, and when Rudy got out of high school he planned to do the same. "The big thing in my town was to graduate, get a car and get a job," he says. "That's what I wanted, too."

He's gotten his cars. His first was a '56 Plymouth with holes in the floorboards. Now he drives a van and a courtesy car. He's gotten his jobs, too. After a career at Ohio State as a running back, he was hired by Woody Hayes as an assistant coach in 1968. He stayed at Columbus six seasons before moving to Tallahassee to become head coach of predominantly black Florida A&M.

Hubbard has found out that just as no two cars run the same, neither do two jobs. In his rookie coaching season at Ohio State, the Buckeyes were undefeated and won the national title by beating USC in the Rose Bowl. The response from the Buckeye rooters was overwhelming. "They were unreal," says Hubbard. "They sent us clocks, radios, boxes of fruit, glassware, silver platters, trophies, cases of beer. They had parades. It was fantastic."

Ten years later, after Hubbard coached Florida A&M to a 12-1 record and the Division I-AA national championship, the Rattlers received no clocks; in fact, they barely got the time of day.

"We got rings from our athletic department and plaques from the NCAA, and that was it," says Hubbard. "I thought we had finally turned the corner, but we hadn't."

Last Saturday afternoon in Florida State's Doak Campbell Stadium, the Rattlers again came to the corner and then stampeded around it. The occasion was a game with the University of Miami, an intrastate Division I school with a fat football budget and more than twice the enrollment of A&M. The 1-2 Hurricane came to Tallahassee with the 10th-ranked defense in the nation against the run, one that had allowed opponents an average

It's so easy to get Rattled

All you have to do is play defending Division I-AA champion Florida A&M, as Miami found out by getting bit 16-13. Still, the Rattlers feel unjustly ignored

of just 97.7 yards rushing a game. The Rattlers not only beat Miami 16-13, but they ran for 296 yards and two touchdowns. And so it is that Florida A&M is now 4-0, has won its last 11 games in a row and 28 of 29, and is ranked No. 1 in I-AA.

"We've got the hottest program in the country," Hubbard says. "If you say USC—because it's tops in I-A—is the hottest, I disagree. Where can they go from where they are now? We can play some I-A teams and win and keep going up. The bottom line is winning, and we're winners."

That wasn't the case when Hubbard took over at A&M. He had gone to the school thanks to a card game. Hubbard had received an invitation to be interviewed for the head coach's job while at Ohio State in 1974. He was weighing his options at a coaching convention in San Francisco that winter when he got into a poker game. One of the players was an A&M assistant who ended up losing a bundle to Hubbard. Rudy decided to pay A&M a visit, collect his money and talk about the vacant head coach's position at the same time. He got the job but not the cash.

"I took the job because it was challenging," Hubbard insists. "Where else could I have gone at Ohio State? I had recruited the best tailplayers [Archie Griffin, Pete Johnson, Leo Hayden, John Hicks, Neal Colzie], and we had won a national title. What was left?"

When Hubbard took over at A&M the Rattlers had won only 21 of 43 games in the previous four years, and the recruiting budget was \$5,000, about what Hub-

bard had been spending in a couple of months' worth of phone calls at Ohio State. A lot of things have improved since then. "Now our budget is whatever we need," Hubbard says. "We don't go overboard, but we're able to do what needs to be done. We went from operating in the red to turning a profit. We've been on regional and national television and we have a booster club that's raising more money than ever before."

Hubbard has a 48-11-2 record at A&M, the best among the 38 Division

continued



Quarterback Sammy Knight skated for 100 yards against the nation's 10th-ranked rushing defense

I-AA coaches. Despite his achievements, he believes A&M football has not gotten as much recognition as it deserves—partly, he says, because of racism. “We’re just victims of the way life is,” he says. “What happens at Florida A&M parallels the plight of blacks in general, people not getting due recognition and yet performing. I don’t care what anybody says, it’s a form of racism. It’s not going to keep us from executing, but it’s a problem that hits us directly in the face.”

“You can see it by the kind of stadium we have. Bragg Stadium at A&M is state-appropriated and so is Doak Campbell, but there is a lot of difference between the two [Campbell seats 34,213 more people than Bragg, whose capacity is 13,200]. The business support is lacking; people make money from our fans, then go run and hide. I can even see it in the media. Most of the media that cover us, if they cover us at all, send out their rookies to learn at our place. We’ve helped a lot of announcers and writers get started.”

As the Miami game neared, Hubbard said, “I don’t think this game is a yardstick of our program. We shouldn’t have to prove ourselves anymore.”

Although Hubbard downplayed its significance, A&M fans and Hurricane Coach Howard Schnellenberger, the former Baltimore Colts coach who is in the first year of a rebuilding program at Miami, felt the game had special significance for A&M. “It’ll be the pivotal game for them this season,” Schnellenberger said early in the week. “It will give them credibility.”

Perhaps more than Schnellenberger counted on. The Rattlers were held inside their 30-yard line on their first two possessions. The Hurricane’s Dan Miller kicked a 47-yard field goal and Miami soon followed with a drive to the A&M 13-yard line. But Rattler Cornerback Donald Shockley intercepted a Mike Rodrigue pass in the end zone. Six plays later A&M’s starting Quarterback Sammy Knight broke a lace in his shoulder pads and had to be spelled for one play. Hubbard sent in Sophomore Eric Trullion, who took the snap from center and was off on a 38-yard scoring run.

Early in the second quarter Miami fought back, with Miller kicking a 22-yard field goal, and got a go-ahead opportunity when Middle Guard Jim Bart intercepted a pass on the Rattler 28 and returned it to the 20. Five plays later Half-

back Lorenzo Roan ran in from one yard out for a touchdown. Miller added the point. However, just before the end of the half, Knight, who gained 100 yards on 30 carries, tied the game with a nine-yard scoring run.

Ironically, Knight and a few of his teammates were ignored by Miami recruiters when they graduated from high school. “Some of us they never bothered to talk to,” says A&M Lineman Kenny Parker, who played high school ball in Miami. “Some of the other guys, like me, they said were too small. But A&M showed interest, and Ruby Hubbard had confidence in us.”

The score remained tied until A&M’s Vince Coleman kicked a 34-yard field goal with 3:49 left. But with 0:49 to go, Miami drove to first and goal at the Rattler three. Roan was stopped for no gain on the next play, and two passes were batted down by linemen. “We’ve been doing that for three years,” said Tackle Alpe Hendrieth, who swatted away the second pass. “No one said much in the huddle. Your pride has to come from within.”

Miami’s Miller tried a 20-yard field goal with 0:27 remaining. The kick was wide left and the 34,743 fans, most of them A&M supporters, began the party. They streamed onto the field while A&M players hugged each other and danced. Some wept in joy.

When the field was cleared and the final seconds were run off to end the game, Hubbard and his team huddled under the goalpost near the scoreboard. The coach hugged Knight, then knelt with his team for a prayer before he was hoisted on his players’ backs, and there, riding in a sea of orange helmets and raised black fists, he disappeared down the field, a man in search of another corner to stimpede around.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST Six seconds remained in the UCLA-Stanford game, which earlier had been tied 7-7 and 17-17 and now was knotted 24-24. A pair of freshmen had kept the Cardinals rolling: John Elway passed for 178 yards, hitting on 16 of 23 attempts, and Vincent White made seven catches for 113 yards and two touchdowns and ran for 62 yards. But with six seconds left it was all

up to Stanford’s Ken Naber, who would try a 56-yard field goal into the wind. Naber’s kick hit the left upright just inches above the crossbar, angled in and over the beam, and Stanford won 27-24.

It wasn’t Oregon State’s day. The Beavers’ final embarrassment during a 41-0 loss at Washington came when Husky Tackle Fletcher Jenkins ran 51 yards with an intercepted pass of sorts after State’s Marshall Sperbeck inadvertently hit an official with his arm as he was setting up to throw.

In other Pac 10 action, Oregon beat California 19-14, while Southern Cal breezed past Washington State 50-21. Paul McDonald of USC had 16 completions in 23 attempts for 212 yards and two TDs, and Charles White rushed for 142 yards and two scores.

It was no big deal that Brigham Young’s Marc Wilson completed 28 of 49 passes, or that three of them went for touchdowns, or that he ran a yard for a fourth score during a 38-15 shellacking of new WAC member Hawaii. What was newsworthy was that Wilson set an NCAA mark by surpassing 300 yards in total offense for the eighth time in his career, finishing with 329.

1. USC (5-0)

2. WASHINGTON (5-0) 3. BYU (4-0)

EAST Temple’s efforts to strengthen its program continued to pay off. The Owls ran for 243 yards (159 of them by Mark Bright) and passed for 246 more on the 41-60-20 throwing of Brian Boomell in a 14-20 blistering of Rutgers.

Pittsburgh, a one-point winner over Temple the week before, was given a scare by Boston College, which picked off three Panther passes and recovered three fumbles. When the Eagles pulled to within 14-7 in the fourth quarter, Pitt’s Randy McMillan went to work, scoring his second and third touchdowns on short runs, to give the Panthers a 28-7 win.

Army outtroughed Duke 247 yards to 155, outpassed the Blue Devils 140 yards to 75, outdid them in first downs 23 to nine, did not incur a penalty and still had to rally from 10 points back to salvage a 17-17 tie. Though slapped with 107 yards in penalties, Navy defeated Air Force 13-9.

Pennsylvania played its 1,000th intercollegiate football game, the first team to reach that milestone. But Columbia will be more inclined to savor memories of that contest; for the Lions won 12-7. In the only other Ivy League tussle, Brown walloped Princeton 31-12. Yale was the lone Ivy victor against outsiders, beating Colgate 27-0. Dartmouth lost to Holy Cross 13-7, Harvard was beaten by Boston U. 14-10; and Cornell, a winner over Bucknell in 23 straight games, lost to the Bisons, 10-0, for the first time since 1891.

1. SYRACUSE (4-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (3-1) 3. PENN STATE (2-2)

continued



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SOUTH As expected, North Carolina State assumed command at Auburn, zipping to a 14-0 lead after 10 minutes. Then came the unexpected. The Tigers poured across 28 points in the second period, 16 more in the third and won 44-31, igniting Auburn. Were Quarterback Charles Thomas, who came off the bench in the second quarter, and speedy Joe Cribbs. In eight carries Thomas ran for 113 yards and scored from 21 and 11 yards out. And Cribbs added to the Tigers' 407 yards total rushing with scoring runs of 12, two and 14 yards.

Like Auburn, Mississippi State roared from behind to register a convincing upset, decking previously unbeaten Tennessee 28-9. Not even the loss of three starting backs to injuries during the game could deter the Bulldogs, whose SEC record now is 2-0. State had 428 yards in total offense and forced five Vol turnovers. Mardy McDole of the Bulldogs caught scoring passes of 33 and 28 yards, the first from Tony Blake, who set up another TD with a 57-yard run before leaving with a shoulder injury late in the first half.

Georgia, ranked in the top 20 in many preseason polls, ended a three-game losing streak by rallying from a 14-0 deficit to defeat Mississippi 24-21. In the only other SEC game, Louisiana State overcame early mistakes, a spirited Florida defense and a 3-0 halftime Gator lead to prevail 20-3.

Winchua State did not figure to do much against Alabama. The figuring was right. The Shockers' accomplishments included the recovery of one fumble, the completion of one of seven passes and 169 yards rushing, the last a not-to-be-remembered statistic. As much as "Bama fans love their team, there were 5,000 empty seats in Tuscaloosa, which is where the Tide won a 38-0 yawner.

"It sure is fun to smash 'em and crush 'em up the middle," said Florida State Center Gil Wesley following a 27-0 triumph over Louisville. "We're supposed to be the team that always passes on third and two." Instead of lifting the air with passes, the Seminoles ran for 275 yards. And their defense did a job, too, allowing the Cardinals only 93 yards in total offense, forcing two safeties and recovering a blocked punt for a touchdown.

Slam-bang running accounted for triumphs by Clemson, North Carolina and South Carolina. With Lester Brown rambling for 125 yards and two touchdowns, the Tigers beat Virginia 17-7 in an ACC contest. Amos Lawrence of the Tar Heels broke loose for 143 yards and three scores during a 35-14 romp over Cincinnati. The Gamecocks dominated Oklahoma State 23-16, thanks to George Rogers, who carried 35 times for 165 yards and two touchdowns.

ACC teams split two other out-of-conference skirmishes, Wake Forest overtaking Virginia Tech 19-14 and Maryland losing 37-7 to Penn State. The Deacons overcame a 14-7 deficit with two fourth-quarter scores, but the

Terps fell behind 17-0 after 20 minutes and never recovered. All three Nittany Lion touchdowns followed Maryland fumbles.

Louisiana Tech's Jean Dorner equaled a Southeastern Conference record by intercepting four passes during a 17-0 victory over Southwestern Louisiana.

1. ALABAMA (4-0)

2. FLORIDA ST. (5-0) 3. N. CAROLINA (4-0)

SOUTHWEST All four SWC winners placed their best feet forward, having to resort to field goals to win. Seventeen tackles, two sacks and an interception by Linebacker David Hodge were invaluable for Houston, but it took a pair of three-pointers by Kenny Hatfield in the fourth quarter to defeat Baylor 13-10. Arkansas also trailed in the fourth period before pulling out a 16-13 decision over winless Texas Christian, which gained 231 yards rushing. Linebacker Mike Massey ran back an interception 30 yards to help the Razorbacks knot the score at 13-all late in the fourth quarter. Then, with seven seconds to be played, Ish Odoma settled matters with his third field goal of the game, a 44-yarder.

Texas A&M stumbled again. Three field goals by Bill Adams, plus two fourth-period touchdowns, enabled Texas Tech to knock off the Aggies 21-20 in Lubbock.

John Goodson, a walk-on who got a scholarship after tying a Texas record with four field goals the week before, kicked four more to help stop Rice 26-9. Texas yielded its first touchdown of the season, was penalized 129 yards and had trouble cashing in despite 423 yards total offense. A. J. (Jam) Jones ran for 148 yards and one TD, and Goodson hit from 48, 39, 25 and 28 yards out.

1. TEXAS (3-0)

2. HOUSTON (4-0) 3. ARKANSAS (4-0)

MIDWEST Michigan and Michigan State hardly needed added incentive for their annual matchup, but this time the Wolverines were prodded on by a comment made last winter by Spartan Coach Darryl Rogers, who labeled them "arrogant asses." Wingback Ralph Clayton caught a 66-yard scoring pass from B. J. Dickey in the Wolverines' 21-7 Big Ten victory. Said he afterward, "Michigan is the best. If that's arrogant, so be it."

Although he gained only 38 yards on 19 carries, Marion Barber was unstoppable in payoff situations, slugging into the end zone from one yard out in each of the last three periods as Minnesota upset Purdue 31-14. Mark Herrmann of the Boiler-makers completed 19 of 40 passes for 235 yards, but had four of his throws intercepted.

In other Big Ten games, Iowa beat Illinois 13-7, Indiana held off Wisconsin 3-0 and Ohio State struggled past Northwestern 16-7.

The Buckeyes, who built a quick 10-0 lead after five minutes, were outscored 7-6 thereafter by the Wildcats, who had 16 first downs to the Buckeyes' five in the second half. Notre Dame, too, started fast and then encountered difficulties. The Irish led Georgia Tech 14-7 after one period and eventually won 21-13 as Vagas Ferguson carried a school-record 39 times, gained 177 yards and scored his second touchdown of the day on a 17-yard dash in the fourth quarter.

Despite losing the statistical war to Ball State (342 yards in total offense to 574, and nine first downs to 27), Indiana State won 18-13 to bring its record to 6-0.

Colorado Coach Chuck Fairbanks, who coached Oklahoma from 1967 through 1972, returned to Norman, where his Buffaloes matched the Sooners in first downs with 21. Otherwise it was no contest. Oklahoma rush-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Joe Morris, a 5'7", 180-pound sophomore, broke Larry Conka's single-game Syracuse rushing mark by gaining 252 yards in 23 carries during a 45-27 win over Kansas. He also scored three touchdowns.

DEFENSE: Danny Skutack, a 6-foot, 202-pound sophomore walk-on moved from linebacker to end, helped Auburn join N.C. State 44-31 with 17 tackles despite suffering a broken bone in his left leg in the first quarter.

ing for 396 yards, taking a 35-7 halftime advantage and going on to a 49-24 triumph.

"It was a valuable experience," said New Mexico State Coach Gil Krueger, groping for words after a 57-0 drubbing at Nebraska. Jarvis Redwine of the Huskers rushed for 120 yards in 1½ quarters and then sat down. Altogether, Nebraska used 84 players while amassing 569 yards in total offense.

Syracuse trailed 21-7 after the first period at Kansas, then rolled to a 45-27 victory. The Orangemen gained 353 yards on the ground, 168 through the air and got scoring runs of four, 32 and seven yards from Joe Morris. In its past three outings, Syracuse has scored 151 points. Kansas State lost a battle of field goals to Tulsa 9-6 as Stu Crum, who earlier had made good on kicks of 41 and 35 yards, booted a 50-yarder as time ran out.

"Thanks for finally scheduling a breather," University of the Pacific Defensive Tackle Jim Escobedo said facetiously to Coach Robert Toledo, after a 24-7 upset of Iowa State. The Tigers, 17-point underdogs, held the Cyclones to 153 yards in total offense while gaining 326 of their own. Pacific's Sander Markel connected on 21 of 37 passes for 185 yards, 11 to Tight End Mike House for 90 yards.

1. NEBRASKA (4-0)

2. OKLAHOMA (4-0) 3. MICHIGAN (4-1)

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Sailors are a very loyal breed. A true sailor loves all boats and particularly his own, for in his mind her virtues always outweigh her faults. That quirk largely explains why particular models and racing classes seem to live on beyond their appointed time. Indeed, one sure way to ensure the longevity of any sailing class is to start a match-race series in which hulls of the same kind meet each other one-on-one. When a round-robin match-race competition is close, naturally all the near winners are eager for another crack at the champ, but oddly, for reasons landbound men of sound mind cannot possibly understand, when a match-race event becomes very one-sided, its popularity is equally assured. In fact, to judge by recent history, the more lopsided the outcome, the more attractive the event becomes.

For instance, in the past few weeks a fleet of six-meter boats—four American, four Swedish, one Australian—battled it out on windy San Francisco Bay for the privilege of meeting in the two-boat finals of the American-Australian Challenge Cup. No matter that in the 11-year history of this best-of-seven series an American boat has always won. Or that in the 12 Cup races held since 1970, Tom Blackaller of Alameda, Calif. has been at the winner's helm for all 12. Or even that in his first three defenses of the Cup (1970, 1973, 1976) Blackaller led his rivals around every mark of every race save one, in which he was obviously fouled and deliberately shied away to avoid a counterprotest. In spite of all this, American-Australian Cup hopefuls appear faithfully every three years and, in fact, were back in record numbers for the 1979 series, even though Blackaller was back, too. But then, match-racing sailors are suckers for punishment.

Consider the Congressional Cup, the world's finest match-racing event, begun in 1965 at Long Beach, Calif. in Cal 40s, a

A boat that found its match

The six-meter class was dying until the American-Australian Cup came along

cruising design seemingly better fitted for ocean contests than for dueling around buoys on a closed course. The Congressional Cup started as a regional affair, and although the majority of competitors now come from afar, Southern Californians still dominate the event. Until 1977, when America's Cup skipper Ted Turner came riding out of the Southeast to take the Congressional Cup on his eighth try,

it had never been won by anyone east of the Santa Ana Freeway. Still, skippers from around the world appear yearly at Long Beach to take another beating.

Then there is the America's Cup, the most famous of match-racing series. In 23 challenges over the past 110 years, the U.S. has won 74 races, its rivals only seven. When the English lost dismally in their 1958 and 1964 challenges, it seemed the America's Cup was on the way to extinction, and with it the handsome 12-meter hulls that vied for it. But before the English were done, the Australians had a go at it, and from there America's Cup fever spread. Next summer there will be at least one boat apiece from Australia, France, Sweden and England—all tilting at the same indestructible windmill and paying dearly for the privilege.

The same sort of abiding love and obstinance that have prolonged the lives of Cal 40s and 12-meter hulls have also saved the six-meter class, the type of boat sailed in last week's American-Australian

Cup final. In essence, a six-meter is the littlest sister of the 12-meter. Foot for foot and pound for pound they both cost a lot, and in comparison to other classes, to be sailed well both need a lot of brawn and brainpower.

In 1906 an international rule was evolved for so-called "meter boats." Such is the complexity of the rule, it is doubtful if even Albert Einstein, whose avocation was sailing, could have digested every paragraph and subparagraph at first reading. These boats—the six-meter and her bigger sisters, the eight-, 10- and 12-meters—are commonly called "thoroughbreds of the sea," an apt description. Like the thoroughbreds of the track, the meter boats are beautiful and brittle. They are also notoriously slow out of the gate, but fast once they are under way.

The little sixes served in the Olympic Games from 1908 through 1952 and in the worldwide Gold Cup competition. But

continued



St Francis VII (left) leads May Be XII to the windward mark

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highway

est. mpg

combined

est. mpg

combined

est. mpg

combined

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19

city

est. mpg

highway

est. mpg

combined

28

city

est. mpg

highway

est. mpg

combined

because of its cost, in the decade after World War II the six-meter seemingly had come to the end of the line. In both the Olympics and the Gold Cup it was replaced by the 5.5-meter boat, which was simpler and less expensive. By 1950 the only U.S. fleet of consequence was in Seattle, and it was composed largely of pre-war hulls. By 1960 there was no international competition worth the name, and like the Viking colonies of ancient Thule, such pockets of the class that did exist in the U.S. and abroad had lost contact.

Today, 20 years after the six-meter seemed doomed, it prospers, thanks to an Australian wine distiller named John Taylor, who loved the class enough to try to keep it alive in his own country. In 1967 Taylor commissioned Sparkman & Stephens to design a new hull, on the hopeful theory that other Aussies would be provoked into following suit. The fleet Down Under had never been large—10 boats at most—and considering that there were only five remaining in 1967, Taylor's venture was a typical Australian gamble against the odds. It paid off far beyond his expectations.

Yachting magazine ran a short item about the new Australian six-meter, and, by chance, just a day before he was bound for Australia on business, Eustace (Sunny) Vynne, one of Seattle's devoted six-meter skippers, happened to read it. Vynne called on Taylor in Sydney and proposed that the Australian bring his boat to America to match-race against Seattle's best. Taylor was understandably reluctant. "I had never left the shores of Australia," he recalls, "and it seemed like a big undertaking. I kept telling Sunny, 'It's 8,000 bloody miles,' and he kept saying, 'John, put the boat on a freighter. I'll do the rest.'"

Although Taylor had not traveled widely, in sailing he was worldly-wise. From accounts in Yachting, he knew of the fabled, whimsical winds and tides in Puget Sound. He agreed to bring his six-meter to the U.S. provided the races could be held on neutral waters. The St. Francis Yacht Club of San Francisco agreed to stage the series and the American-Australian Challenge Cup was born.

There is a saying Down Under that Australian sailors never quit until the wind is strong enough to blow dogs off their leashes, but it was agreed that, in consideration of the brittleness of six-meters, no race would be sailed on blustery San Francisco Bay in winds exceeding 25

knots. In that first series (in July 1969) Taylor's brand-new boat, *Toogooloowoo IV* (a pseudo-aboriginal name that means nothing), was beaten four races to three by *Goose*, a 13-year-old U.S. hull skippered by a University of Washington undergraduate, Brian Wertheimer. Sailors of the St. Francis Y.C. were so taken by the series that they offered to buy *Toogooloowoo IV* provided Taylor would build another challenger and race again. Taylor agreed. When the club's lawyer, leery about the possibility of joint property entanglements, asked Taylor his full



Blackaller and zees proved a perfect fit

name and his wife's maiden name and whether at the time of the construction of the boat he had been married to the same woman, Taylor replied, "Look, hold on a minute. I've only sold one boat in my life and, whereas the way we do things in Australia may seem funny, I sold it at the bar of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club on a handshake. If you want to buy *Toogy IV* and want me to build another to race again, all you have to do is shake my hand." In 1970 *Toogooloowoo IV*, renamed *St. Francis IV*, returned to Australia and, with Blackaller at the helm, she won four straight races against Taylor's new *Toogooloowoo V*.

In the third series, held on San Francisco Bay in 1973, Blackaller again won four straight races, sailing a new Gary Mull design, *St. Francis V*, against Tay-

lor's *Pacemaker*. In 1976, in *St. Francis VI*, he defended once more without a loss against Taylor's fourth boat, *Prince Alfred*, a bulbous-bowed craft of dubious worth. By then the Swedes had heard about the six-meter revival, so in 1976, in his home waters, Taylor first had to defeat a Swedish six, *May Be X*, to earn the right to be beaten by Blackaller.

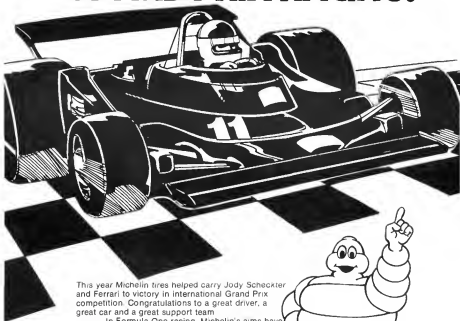
In spite of his exceptional American-Australian Cup record, Blackaller really does not care much for six-meter boats. "It is a whole lot of effort for very little sailing," he says. "We have only sailed this present boat in 20 races. The amount of planning and effort required for such little sailing doesn't appeal to me."

Blackaller had planned to quit the six-meter game after his third defense, but this September he again returned to the series on San Francisco Bay, tempted by the quality of the competition. There were three other American boats on hand, vying with Blackaller's *St. Francis VII* for the honor of defending. Blackaller beat Wertheimer, who had skippered the 1969 winner, and, without suffering a defeat, also beat two America's Cup helmsmen, Malin Burnham and Ted Turner. Meanwhile, on a separate course the four Swedish boats were scrapping to determine which would meet Taylor's *Pacemaker* for the right to be beaten by Blackaller. In this semi-final round, *Pacemaker* lost to the Swedish *May Be XII*.

In the defense against *May Be XII* Blackaller once again won four straight and led at every mark. On almost every downwind leg the Blackaller crew won five seconds or more simply on the adroit raising and lowering of their spinnaker. On almost every tack they were a second better getting the jib across and filled. If, as it truly seems, a constant thrashing by Yankee crews is what keeps rivals coming back for more, then Blackaller is about the best drawing card any match-racing class could have.

Although his boat was shut out of the finals, John Taylor, the Aussie who started it all, was not dismayed. All he had intended to do a dozen years ago was to keep the six-meter alive back home, and somehow he had done much more. "I'll have another bush at it in 1982," he said. "But to see the new boats competing here, and to know there are 20 or 30 new ones now in Europe and maybe 15 in America, that's dream enough for me. In losing I have really won."

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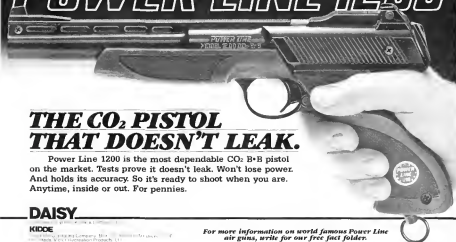
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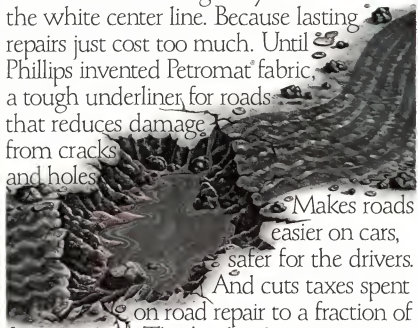
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The way to become a good skate

It is impossible to pinpoint the moment when the latest roller skating fad turned into a boom, but a boom it *now* is. Today more than 30 million Americans are burning up to 360 calories an hour, more or less, depending on whether they are racing, dancing, exercising or just traveling around, and the industry is turning out 300,000 pairs of roller skates a week.

Most of these end up in skating centers. But as skaters become more proficient they invest in their own sets of wheels, sometimes buying the separate components and having a pair custom-made to suit individual needs and tastes. The parts are boots, base plates, wheels and bearings and a toe stop. Made-to-order skates are costly, the cheapest of the custom models going for about \$175 compared to between \$100 and \$125 for a good pair of stock skates.

When selecting a boot, avoid synthetic materials. Leather conforms to the shape of the foot and doesn't trap moisture inside. The boot must fit snugly, with a firm heel grip for control and safety, especially in tight turns. Riedell and Oberhammer boots are tops for craftsmanship and are priced from \$40 to \$90.

The boot is mounted on a base plate, which used to be known simply as "the skate." Karl Wall, president of Sports International of New England, an equipment distributor, warns that "Equipment without brand names usually denotes inferior quality." When selecting a plate one must look for a durable, strong aluminum alloy that is light in weight yet unbending during jumps and spins. The best middle-priced plates are made by Chicago and Sure-Grip. Their prices range from \$21 to \$95.

The design and weight of a plate depend on the type of skating for which it will be used. A speed-skating plate, for example, is much lighter than a freestyle or hockey plate. The U.S. speed-skating team won more than half of the 16 roller skating events at the recent Pan-Am Games while wearing the Sure-Grip XK-4 plate, but experts contend that the Snyder is the best. "When skaters get as far as Snyders, they know what they want," Wall says. The Snyder is exceed-

continued

A buyers' guide to the latest in equipment that can turn you into a big deal on wheels



The high rollers, from the top: speed skate with Oberhammer boot, Sure-Grip XK-4 plate and Kryto wheels; hockey skate with Hyde boot, Chicago Custom GMI plate and B&B B&B wheels; artistic skate with Riedell boot, Chicago Custom GMI plate (gold-plated by Road Skates Inc., \$500 extra) and All American Dream wheels; below, the Rolls Royce of skate plates, the Snyder

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ingly well made and designed to allow a number of adjustments in the truck, for freestyle, dancing and figures—for all types of skating, in fact, except speed. Aficionados say that maneuvering is a cinch with this plate and precision bearings. Snyders run from \$150 to \$200.

Wheels, as everyone must know from the skateboard craze, are now made of polyurethane, which has radically altered the performance and, mercifully, the sound of skates. The once-familiar grating of steel on bumpy pavement has been muted to a barely audible "whoosh." The first polyurethane (or urethane) wheels were used in indoor rinks in the late '60s, now more than 50 companies supply them. Wheels come in three varieties for indoor, outdoor and—you guessed it—all-purpose indoor-outdoor use. The average skater can get adequate performance from a good set of the indoor-outdoors, though dirt and grime from the street tend to become embedded in the urethane and many rinks won't allow a dirty wheel on indoor surfaces.

Competitive artistic skaters, on the other hand, must use exactly the right wheel for whatever it is they're going to do. For example, for fast tracking indoors, it's important to have a wheel that grips the surface, but a gripping wheel is no good for fast spins.

Most indoor wheels are smaller than outdoor ones and are made of hard urethane or a rubber-type composition called Vanthane. Outdoor wheels are manufactured in varying degrees of softness according to the bounce and resiliency required—high resiliency allows the wheel to go faster and to recover its shape after taking an obstacle. Says Wall of riding on the right urethane wheels, "You feel like a Land-Rover. You can skate over almost everything."

Before the Pan-Am Games the U.S. speed roller team trained in indoor rinks until it was learned that the surface in Puerto Rico was to be concrete. Then they took off for Italy for two weeks to practice on a similar surface, and tested a number of wheels. They selected the bright red, soft urethane Krypto (from Kryptonics), a flexible indoor-outdoor wheel with rebound and strength, for the long-distance outdoor races, and the Vanguard Huger for the indoor and outdoor events on speed tracks. A set of the former costs from \$25 to \$50; the latter sell for \$80. Two other highly rated in-

door-outdoor wheels with plenty of bounce to the ounce are the \$35 Vango (by Vanguard) and the \$25 Free-Spirit (by Sports International).

Indoor figures, dancing and, especially, competition require a hard yet resilient wheel that is as nicely flawless as possible. The tiniest imperfection can mar the execution of an accurate figure. A good test to see if a wheel is perfectly balanced is to try to trace an exact circle with it. Three-time world freestyle champion Natalie Dunn of Bakersfield, Calif. won a gold in the freestyle at the Pan-Am Games on Rannali wheels, which sell for \$48. The majority of the other top U.S. contestants in the artistic events were on Vanguard's All American Dream wheels, also \$48. The Excaliburs and the International Figure Concoords, made by the same company, are priced from \$90 to \$100.

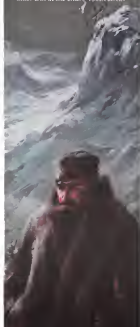
Urethane, ultra-smooth and quiet though it may be, does not get all the credit for the revival in roller skating. The two ball bearings inside each of the new wheels are a big factor in the performance of modern skates, too. The most efficient bearings are those that have been sealed or semi-sealed. The latter are closed only on one side and require cleaning and lubrication from time to time, whereas the sealed bearings are lubricated and then completely sealed in by a thin piece of metal, keeping them free of grime and dirt and permanently oiled. They are not expensive; the best are made by Fafnir, but all bearings cost about \$32 for a set of 16.

Toe guards or toe stops do just that, guard and stop. They act as brakes to keep a skater from careening into walls, pizza parlors and cruising patrol cars. They also help prolong the life of the skate. Indoor toe guards are usually wider and made of rubber. Those used outdoors can be of urethane, but longer-wearing hard rubber is preferable. Toe guards range in price from \$3 to \$12.

After selecting skate parts from the extraordinary range of components available, it's wise to turn to an expert to assemble them. The mounting and aligning of the boot and the plate, the fine tuning of the trucks, which determines edging and turning ability, and the adjusting of the wheels are all extremely delicate operations. Observe the expert closely to learn how to make minor adjustments. It's time to turn in your skate key for an open-end wrench.

END

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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Wet, but not a washout

Despite rain, retirements and the fact the driving championship was sewn up, Gilles Villeneuve and Alan Jones put on some show at the Watkins Glen Grand Prix

On the face of it, the Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. shaped up as a sheer masochistic anticlimax. The world driving championship had long ago been decided. The weather was lousy—cold rain, deep mud and short tempers. But, oddly enough, the race was a whizzer. Victory finally went to young Gilles Villeneuve of Quebec and Team Ferrari. There were countless spinouts, but no injuries or fatalities; and everyone went home wet but satisfied, though the popular choice, Australia's Alan Jones, in a pole-sitting, Saudi-Williams, lost his right rear tire after a pit-crew foul-up, thus ending a noble late-season charge on a decidedly sour note.

There were a number of other such notes during the season. Two former world champions—James Hunt and the great Niki Lauda—couldn't get a smell of the winner's circle and retired. The most spectacular car of the year, Jones' Saudi-Williams, won the most races but fell short of the championship. For U.S. fans, the most frustrating occurrence was the humiliation of Mario Andretti, the 1978 champion and only the second

American to win the world driving title. Last season, in his ground-breaking ground-effects Lotus 79, Andretti was virtually unbeatable. This year, wheeling a Lotus 80 most of the time, Andretti's best finish was a third as other teams picked up on the aerodynamics of the Lotus design and went it some better.

There is no denying that the best of the cars that the Lotus 79 inspired is the Williams. Sponsored by the Saudi Arabian national airline, the car came on in the second half of the season in a manner reminiscent of the Lotus surge of a year ago. Jones, a tough, stumpy, 32-year-old Australian, won four of the season's last six races, waltzing away from the competition as if they were so many matildas.

But while the Jones-Williams combination was still coming together, Jody Scheckter, quietly, unspectacularly and with a steadiness that erased his old nickname of "Sideways Jody," had coolly kept his Ferrari together to finish every race he had started this season and score three wins. Thus, at the Italian GP, the 13th event in the 15-race series, he had

sewn up his first world title, and Team Ferrari's ninth.

Though the Watkins Glen Grand Prix was for none of the marbles, Jones charged out and won the pole with a record-breaking run of 127.15 mph on Saturday. But it was O.K. Corral time on the Glen's 3.377-mile circuit when the green flag waved 24 cars off on Sunday afternoon. Rain had forced most teams to shift to grooved tires, and the Michelin-shod Ferraris were thought to be at a disadvantage. Not so. Villeneuve snapped past Jones upon leaving the grid and led him into the first turn. Scheckter, who had started in 16th place, quickly showed his championship skills, moving up to fifth by Lap 7. Andretti, who had qualified just back of Scheckter, gambled for a quick advantage by running on treadless dry-weather tires. His gamble didn't pay off. Andretti quickly pitted to change to rain tires, and then his gearbox seized up on the 17th go-round.

Villeneuve, meanwhile, had widened his lead to as many as nine seconds, but when the rain stopped, Jones began to eat into the Ferrari's margin. Scheckter, who had closed to third place, pitted early to change to dry-weather tires, and it was obvious that sooner or later both Villeneuve and Jones would have to do the same. Just past the halfway point in the race, on the 34th of the 59 laps, Villeneuve pitted. His crew quickly changed his rubber, and he roared back out. But Jones by then had taken a 40-second lead.

Two laps later, Jones zipped into the pits for his change. That did it. His crew took 35 seconds—compared to Villeneuve's 22—to make the switch. And even then they didn't do it right. On the very next lap, Jones' right rear tire peeled off the rim as he entered the series of turns known as The Asvil.

Now it looked like there would be another of those familiar Ferrari one-two finishes, with Villeneuve in the lead and Scheckter second. It was not to be. With only nine laps left, Scheckter's car suddenly shed a tire, too. That left Villeneuve alone—second-place finisher Rene Arnoux, in a turbocharged Renault, was 47.78 seconds back—and home free for his third win of the season.



Jones and his Saudi-Williams were leading until a switch from wet- to dry-weather tires took too long

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JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.



All's quiet in England ... for now

Muted protests of a South African tour may be heard all the way to Moscow



Fully expecting the worst from demonstrators, dozens of bobbies rioted the County Ground in Exeter

Fly-half Errol Tobias, one of the eight coloreds on the roster, led the Barbarians to a victory over Devon

In the sleepy West Country of England last Wednesday a game of rugby was played that could have a profound effect on the Moscow Olympics. The momentous afternoon began quietly. So quietly, indeed, that the game's prelude could have been scripted by the British Tourist Authority: an ancient Devon town, its cathedral on the hill, a helmeted bobby on duty and a little old lady offering, in a soft, strawberries-and-cream burr, to bring him a cup of tea.

Except that he was only one of 400 bobbies, that is to say, cops, who were blocking off the side streets that led to Exeter's County Ground, a tiny stadium that serves as a greyhound track, a motorcycle speedway and a rugby field. "My giddy sum!" the old lady mused.

Down the road, marching raggedly to brave tunes played on an accordion, a

motley procession was approaching—kids mainly, a scattering of adults. They were rather fewer in number than the massed police, and the message they had come to convey was clear on the placards that many of them carried. They showed a cop in paramilitary uniform, his club raised high to beat down on fleeing black heads. IF YOU COULD SEE THEIR NATIONAL SPORT, the caption read, YOU MIGHT BE LESS KEEN TO SEE THEIR RUGBY.

The Devon County constabulary tightened its ranks. The old lady scuttled back into her house. But the demonstrators seemed unlikely to spoil Exeter's weekday peace. And it looked more unlikely that they had any chance of preventing the game between the Devon County side and the South African Barbarians.

It had all been very different in October 1969, the last time a South Afri-

can rugby team—an all-white national team called the Springboks—had come to Britain. All hell had broken loose then. Opponents of apartheid, led by a 19-year-old expatriate white South African named Peter Hain, organized violent disruption of the games. Just as violently, Hain's demonstrators were met head on by rugby fans who regarded a visit by the powerful and much acclaimed Springboks as a great sports occasion that they would not be denied.

In one of the first '69 games—at Swansea, Wales—the protesters invaded the field and were confronted by arm-banded "stewards," vigilantes recruited from among the burly players of neighborhood clubs. It was a bloody scene. Many of the demonstrators were brutally manhandled; some were thrown bodily over a fence back into the crowd so that the fans could deal with them. The police had been taken by surprise by the scale of the rioting. Later, they would employ massive numbers, including dog handlers, to keep the factions apart as the tour limped on to its conclusion. But it had become a misery. Play was constantly stopped by protesters who ran onto the field. The hallowed turf of Twickenham, world headquarters of rugby, was violated by smoke bombs. The mighty

continued

Springboks—a magnificent side at the start of the tour—began to lose games to inconsiderable opposition.

Any referee would have given the protesters a narrow win on points, and the following summer the British anti-apartheid movement scored a K.O. when it prevented a visit by the South African national cricket team. By 1977, the movement's victory seemed complete when the British Commonwealth heads of state signed the Gleneagles Agreement, committing member countries to discourage all sporting ties with South Africa.

Long before that, in 1970, South Africa had become the first country to suffer expulsion from the Olympics. But in many ways that was a less bitter moment for the South African sports fan than the cutting of international rugby ties. For the folk, the Dutch-descended Afrikaners, rugby is more than a national game. It is a religion. The green-and-gold-shirted figure of a Springbok forward thundering down the field at Loftus Versfeld in Pretoria is as much a national symbol as the leaping antelope, the springbok, itself.

Clearly, an all-white South African rugby team would stand no chance of making a foreign tour, and until the ponderous concept of the Barbarians came to light, that seemed to be that. But the South African government claims that apartheid in sport has been eroding fast since the turbulent early '70s. New rules were enacted allowing black and white teams to play against one another. Multinational sport, as the South Africans call it, was becoming a reality. And that was enough to convince the somewhat naive administrators of British rugby that a fresh start could be made.

The Barbarians who would be coming to England would be a perfect balance: eight white players, eight black and eight colored (the South African designation for those of racially mixed descent). Players of different races would actually share hotel rooms and eat at the same table on tour.

Despite the Barbarians' specially tailored composition, Ireland, where the team also had hoped to play, refused it entry. The British government, however, ruled that it had no power to stop the tour. It looked as if it would be 1969 all over again.



The marchers were hardly a band of martyrs

There were even comic overtones. One tactic of the protesters, it was rumored, would be to disrupt play by releasing rabbits onto the field. "If they do that," said John Lawrence, a member of the British Rugby Union Tours Committee, "we shall release ferrets." Joking aside, Hain, now chairman of the Stop All Racial Tours organization, declared, "We intend the maximum possible dis-



After running onto the field, nine protesters were lugged off

ruption to the tour. We will be there from the moment they arrive at the airport, on the coach journeys, at the matches ... all the signs are that we are in for an action replay of the 1969 tour."

However, when the Barbarians departed last week, no serious demonstration took place at Heathrow Airport. But then the visitors' bus mysteriously caught fire, and the anti-apartheid campaign appeared to have started. No, a mechanic said. A cam rod had snapped, and hot oil had spurted onto the engine.

And so to the first game at Exeter. "Exeter" a rugby buff might legitimately have asked. The city is far from the heartland of the sport. The locals prefer soccer, and the stand at the County Ground holds a mere 1,500. The Rugby Union might have had its reasons, though. The somewhat sleepy county of Devon is not known for its passionate political convictions. Further, the only approaches to the County Ground were by way of small streets of old row houses that are easy to block and control.

In any case, the procession of three to four hundred that appeared an hour before the game seemed to be no storming party. Ten years earlier, in Dublin, 10,000 protesters showed up at a match against the Springboks and the game had to be held behind barbed wire. Now there was

little more than decorous chanting and singing. The demonstrators had the look of local people. One boy said, "My dad's come to watch the game, and I'm here to demonstrate." No rent-a-crowd toughies from London, no hardened activists. A girl was horrified at the suggestion she might go in to see the match: "It wouldn't be right. And I'm not insured."

That is not precisely the stuff martyrs are made of, but finally, 10 minutes into the game, the spirit of '69 evinced itself. The little field was lined with cops, one every 10 feet or so, facing away from the game, into the crowd. But suddenly a banner was waving and nine demonstrators, led by a girl, were running onto the field.

They stood no chance. The crowd howled at them. "Stamp on the bastards!" a voice screamed. In no more than two minutes, all of the demonstrators had been dragged off, passively inert, by the police to waiting paddy wagons.

continued



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RUGBY continued

The police called up reinforcements, plainly expecting a second wave. It never came. Meanwhile, in a dull drizzle, the Barbarians won the match 27-18. The only revelation of the afternoon was that the South Africans had a fine colored fly-half—roughly equivalent to a quarterback on a football team—named Errol Tobias. And also—maybe—that the anti-apartheid movement in Britain had lost its impetus.

Not really. Next day, at the small hotel he owns near London's Marble Arch, Chris de Broglio, a 49-year-old former South African weight-lifting champion, brushed aside the fact that the Exeter demonstration had been so feeble. He is secretary of SANROC, the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee, an organization that was forced to move from Johannesburg to London in 1966.

De Broglio, a white, has very much bigger fish to fry than disrupting games in the West Country, and he had important news. This week, he declared, SANROC's black chairman, Sam Ramsamy, will fly to Yaoundé, in Cameroon, to meet with Jean Claude Ganga, the powerful secretary-general of the Supreme Council for Sport in Africa.

"We are going to teach the British a lesson," de Broglio said. SANROC's first proposal will be that all African countries, and as many third world nations as can be mustered, should break off sporting relations with Britain; no athletes from the protesting countries would go to Britain, and no British athletes would be permitted to compete in those countries. Moreover, all African delegates to international sports bodies will be instructed to block the election of British officials. And all the participating countries will be asked to ensure that there will be no contracts for British coaches in their sphere of influence, an action aimed mainly at the Persian Gulf states that employ a number of soccer coaches.

Next, the protesters will work to suspend Britain from the Commonwealth Games. And finally they will try to prevent Britain from taking part in the Moscow Olympics. "The Africans are very determined over this," said de Broglio. "The British can have the Barbarians if they like. The Olympics will be something else."

He outlined the scenario. "Africa will mobilize the new Asian sports confederation. Some Latin American countries have promised to help. Some of the so-



De Broglio a threat to British team at the Games

cialist countries, the East Europeans. The question will come up in an IOC meeting early next year at Lake Placid. Let us assume that the IOC refuses to make a decision. Rugby is not an Olympic sport. Britain has not broken any Olympic rules, et cetera.

"In that case, 40 countries go to Moscow and say, 'We stay here, Britain goes. This time, Africans will not punish themselves, as in Montreal. You cannot have the Olympics with Britain.' I think that the IOC will then make a pragmatic decision, as it did in the case of Taiwan. Or maybe Los Angeles should start cutting its losses now. There could be no Olympics in 1984."

Britain is very excited about the Moscow Games—win with world-record holder Sebastian Coe in the 800 meters and Steve Ovett in the 1,500—and de Broglio says it has a last chance to ensure that these athletes will run. A rugby tour of South Africa by the British Lions, the national side, has been scheduled for 1980. "If that is canceled," de Broglio declared, "then Africans may not proceed in the matter of the Barbarians' tour. But they are very angry with British sports administrators, who have been the main obstacle to African wishes on the South African sports question."

In light of all that, one could understand his lack of concern over the poor show at Exeter. Has stopping the Barbarians become a minor objective, and Ramsamy's trip the big assault?

"You've got it," said de Broglio. **END**

CLIMBING



TO THE TOP AGAIN

Out for a year with injuries, a reflective, more temperate Bill Walton has changed the style—if not the substance—of his life as he starts anew in San Diego

by **JOHN PAPANIK**



WALTON

continued

At noon the sky is a brilliant blue, cracked wide open and spilling all over the peaks of Yosemite National Park. The pink-white glaciers and crystal tarns, the rushing streams and slag-gray rocks, the emerald brush and dusty trails are mere hand-servants to the sun, which is in command. And Bill Walton is walking up a mountain.

Check that. He is truckin' up a mountain which, as members of Walton's generation surely know, is quite something else again. Walton is gobbling up yardage like Earl Campbell in the open field, only this field is tilted upward at 60 degrees, and the goal line is way up there above 11,000 feet. His arms, spread like the wings of a giant albatross, flap gently below his russet-haired head. His legs, impossibly long and—although spindly toward the ankles—amazingly strong, eat up great chunks of mountainside with every stride. His feet, gnarled and scarred from the pounding of so many basketball games, feet that have been neglected, inspected and injected, are now resurrected.

Walton is wearing a T shirt that boldly screams OREGON DEAD on the back. It says so much: that a part of Walton's life—four sometimes happy, sometimes miserable years of living and playing basketball in Portland, Ore.—is dead; and that the wearer of the shirt is part of a legion of young Americans that worships and lives by the funky messages of laid-back, California-style life as preached by the Grateful Dead, the original acid-rock band, a vestige of the '60s counterculture that has made it intact almost to the '80s. So, it would seem, has Walton.

Three hours up the mountain, yet it is not work for him; nor would it be for anyone traveling with him. The companion would be pulled along like a smiling water skier on the enormously powerful tendrils of energy that constantly trail Walton. The companion

would quickly come to understand why, when Walton is healthy, he is the greatest basketball player alive.

Spend several days with Walton as he is running, no, truckin' through his world—playing Frisbee on soft green lawns, buying elegant suits in Beverly Hills, appearing on TV shows, body-surfing in San Diego, playing basketball, doing stand-up comedy at rubber-chicken Rotary luncheons, participating in family sing-alongs, taking grueling bike rides—all of it punctuated by the sounds of the Grateful Dead, and you will begin to understand his energy. And now, truckin' up a mountain in the High Sierras, you almost know what is going through his head. Here it comes now...

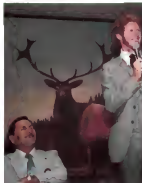
*Truckin' got my chips cashed in
Keep truckin', like the doo-dah man
Together, more or less in line
Just keep truckin' on...*

One or another Grateful Dead tune is always running through his head, even when he is triggering fast breaks. Though most of the lyrics seem to have been written just for him, Walton says, "They're for everybody," which is true—at least for the half million "Deadheads" who fully understand the hedonistic messages of the band.

As he hikes, images flicker from Walton's 26 years:

A long, skinny, redheaded kid growing up in a strong Catholic middle-class home in the San Diego suburb of La Mesa. Lots of family activity—music, games, church, books, trips to the mountains, lively discussions. None of the kids—Bill, Bruce, Andy or Cathy—are ever stuffed. Ted, a county welfare official, and Gloria, a librarian, encourage their children in their every opinion. But sports are where the kids are headed. At age eight Bill tries basketball, makes his first hoop on his very first shot—a heave from midcourt—and soon he is really playing. Watching, questioning, studying, learning, practicing. Ted drives him to games all over the

The Walton Family: Susan, 1-year-old Nathan, Bill and Adam, 3.



area, including ones around the San Diego naval base, where he begins to learn of elbows and broken noses, cracked teeth and bloody lips. At age 14 he is 6' 1"; over the ensuing summer he grows to 6' 7" and becomes the 160-pound "Spider Walton" who leads Helix High to 49 straight wins and two district championships. Soon he is 6' 11", off to UCLA and those 88 straight victories, two NCAA championships, three College Player of the Year awards.

But suddenly there is all that other stuff, personal things that are getting as much ink and notice as his basketball. The antiwar, anti-Nixon politics. The arrest for protesting the mining of Haiphong Harbor. The long hair, the bike, the strange food he eats, the company he keeps. If one believes the talk, the marijuana he smokes. But, hey, the guy can play basketball.

Then he signs with Portland for big money. What happened to all the socialist talk? And, ugh, the clothes and the hair are worse. And the things he says. Just because he is a vegetarian, does he have to say that his teammates disgust him because they eat "decayed animal flesh"? And what happened to the basketball? He keeps coming up with all sorts of injuries and bone spurs. Some Portland people call them "brain spurs." And he refuses to do what other players do when they are hurting—play anyway. And Jack Scott, the feared "sports activist," moves right into Walton's house, fills his head with more radical ideas, and soon Walton is being hounded all across the country by the FBI because Scott allegedly is hiding Patty Hearst and her Symbionese Liberation Army kidnappers.

The basketball? Even when he does play, the Trail Blazers are awful for two seasons. But that changes in 1976-77 as Walton, quite spectacularly, again becomes the best player on his level, which now happens to be the NBA. The Trail Blazers blow all comers out of the water, and they are

even better the next year until Walton goes down with another injury. The team founders, and Walton makes a desperate attempt to play in the playoffs, only to get hurt again. Broken foot.

A volcano erupts. Walton says that the Trail Blazers pressured him into taking painkilling injections, ignoring the risk of serious injury to him, and demands to be traded. The Trail Blazer management becomes apoplectic, while Walton's injury is so serious he spends seven months in a cast, sees virtually all musculature in his left foot disappear and misses the entire 1978-79 season.

Last spring he signs with a new team, his hometown San Diego Clippers. In the summer more operations—bone spurs are removed from both ankles. And now, one month away from the beginning of training camp, Walton is truck-in 'up a moonman.

*Truckin', I'm a going home
Whoa whoa baby back where I belong
Back home, sit down and patch my bones
And get back truckin' on.*

Everything is perfect now for Walton. He's back in California with his family and the mountains. But more than anything, it is the anticipation of playing basketball again that lights up his face so that it matches the color of his hair. "I love it," he says over and over and over. And to that emphatic statement he adds his slightly goofy but infectious "uh-huh-huh" laugh, as though he is sure you do not believe him. He has probably proclaimed his love for basketball more times than he has for any member of his family. And there's none of this "five more years" stuff. Walton would like to play forever—and still many people think that he is only in it for the money. It is not hard to figure why so many people have been unable to understand Walton for so long. *continued*

The new Dollar Bill entertains the Rotary



and dispenses autographs and grins to Boys' Club members





Dave thought that the tall fellow Bill was just another Deadhead

He has had just as much trouble understanding them.
Busted down on Bourbon Street
Set up, like a bowling pin
Knocked down, it gets to wearin' thin
They just won't let you be...

There are only 10 more steps to the top now, and when Walton finally gets there, his energy explodes. There is a fire on the mountain. On the left is a razor-sharp peak covered by a glacier, with a shimmering tarn—its water deep, clear, cold and delicious—beneath it. On the right is a huge flat rock—stage-sized—with a meadow just in front of it. Walton's beaming smile manifests his contentment.

"A nice place for a concert," he says.

Walton, who has flown to Egypt to attend a Grateful Dead concert at the base of the Great Pyramid during a lunar eclipse, points to the flat rock. "There's the band," he says, allowing his imagination to roam. "And they're already playing." His arms go out as if he's conducting, and the steady electric blues beat takes over.

Truckin'

The song plays through, though Walton doesn't make a sound—until it comes time for the chorus, which he chooses to sing out loud, along with the imaginary band:

*Sometimes the light's all shining on me
Other times I can barely see
Lately it occurs to me
What a long, strange trip it's been...*

This week spent with Walton is that long, strange trip in microcosm. It begins where it should, at UCLA, where Walton will appear at an All-Star game for the benefit of the

Souville Foundation, a charity for underprivileged children in Los Angeles. The afternoon before the game, there is an invitation-only cookout in the lush UCLA Sculpture Garden, a chance for beautiful people to be seen in their California cookout finery, eat hot dogs and ribs and meet pro basketball players such as Swen Nater, Gus Williams, Paul Westphal, Marques Johnson, Dennis Johnson, Magic Johnson... and Bill Walton. Most of the chitchat is about Walton, who has not yet arrived. "Is he healthy?" "Can he play?" "Is he really wearing suits?"

Nater, who was Walton's substitute in college and is his teammate in San Diego, puts warmers to rest. "Bill's all right," he says. "He'll make a real fine backup for me."

Soon there is a commotion. Walton arrives, dressed in cutoffs, T shirt and sandals—the uniform he made infamous during his undergraduate days—along with his wife, Susan. Walton is carrying their two sons, 3-year-old Adam and 1-year-old Nathan, and a blue Frisbee. He makes his way through the crowd with a few "hellos" and perfunctory handshakes, telling everyone "the foot feels fine." He spots a friend and wings the Frisbee. The crowd clumsily parts to make room for his high-energy game. Children flock around him, wanting to play. "You can play," Walton tells them, "if you play with your own Frisbee." Later he says, "One thing I've learned is not to let other people spoil my fun."

After an hour the Waltons leave and go to a natural-foods restaurant in Westwood, because Bill has become disgusted by the hog-dog eaters. Susan says, "Oh, Bill. When I first met you you used to eat hot dogs for breakfast!"

The Waltons will drive back to San Diego following the game, but after lunch Bill registers at a hotel for the sole purpose of changing into a checked three-piece suit. "Two years ago I showed up at this game in rags and I never heard the end of it," he says. He does not play, but sits next to Coach Lenny Wilkens on the bench, sings *The Star-Spangled Banner* sotto voce, smiles for photographers and grants interviews freely. People buzz about "the new Bill Walton," and Walton clearly loves it. A friend points to banners hanging from the Pauley Pavilion ceiling commemorating the NCAA championships won in two of Walton's years at UCLA, 1972 and 1973. "No 1974," says the friend. "Embarrassing," says Walton.

The next morning Walton returns to Los Angeles for a whirlwind day. He is chauffeured around town in a stretch limo, his appointments checked off by Hal Koller, once the personal representative of rock star Neil Diamond, now the Clippers' vice-president in charge of marketing and promotion. The first stop is a visit with Dr. Tony Daly, Walton's orthopedic surgeon, and Dr. Ernie Vandeweghe, pediatrician, former Colgate and New York Knicks star and longtime friend of Walton's.

Walton is up on Daly's examining table, telling the surgeon that his left foot, the one that caused him the worst misery of his life, is "feeling great." Daly presses down mightily on the foot and asks Walton to lift it. Walton practically picks Daly off the floor.

"That's fantastic!" shouts Daly. "Two months ago you couldn't lift that foot at all." Walton is grinning like a kid

continued

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who has brought home straight A's. Daly explains that because of the bone spurs that developed at the points where the ankles join the feet, Walton had been unable to flex his feet properly. Thus, he had been "playing on his toes" almost from the time he first joined the Trail Blazers in 1974. "He would jump off his toes and land on his toes, straining the muscles, tendons and bones in his feet, causing himself almost constant pain," says Daly. Daly believes that it was because of the increasing severity of the pain that Walton reluctantly agreed to be injected with the painkiller Xylocaine before the Portland-Seattle playoff game on April 21, 1978. With the feeling in his feet deadened, Walton had no way of knowing that he was placing too much stress on them; as a consequence, Daly believes, the tarsal navicular bone in his left foot fractured. This July, Daly removed the bone spurs, freeing Walton's feet to move up and down as they should.

Since then Walton has been training prodigiously—doing calisthenics, lifting weights, stretching, running, riding his bicycle 50 to 60 miles a day and playing full-court basketball. "It's like I'm playing a whole new way," Walton tells Daly. "I can jump better, and my feet don't hurt."

Vandeweghe, who negotiated Walton's San Diego contract and has spent the summer helping to counsel Walton—as much as that is possible—so that he can become a more palatable, likable, marketable person, says, "I was sick to my stomach the first time I saw that foot. It was atrophied, with hardly any bone mass. It looked like a 6-year-old's foot. Now it's probably as strong as ever."

With the glowing medical report in, Kolker whisks Walton off to his next stop, Eric Ross & Co., one of Beverly Hills' swankiest clothing stores. Kolker fancies himself a hip tutor, bent on introducing Walton to all the "right stuff" for his immersion into the beautiful millionaire jock society. As Kolker points out where this star buys underwear and that one buys bagels, Walton continually needles him. "Hal's Disneyland," he calls the trip.

"You could learn to love it, Bill," says Kolker.

"I like San Diego, Hal. And basketball, the mountains and the Grateful Dead."

With Walton's arrival, the clothing store whirs. Under the direction of owner Ronn Teitelbaum, tailors and clerks swarm over Walton. "Twenty minutes," says Kolker, as though he has a Saudi prince in tow.

Head tailor David Lengs mounts a step ladder in order to fit Walton for four three-piece suits, four sport coats with shies, several pairs of jeans and an overcoat. "Nothing too trendy," says Teitelbaum, "but definitely in style." Total price: nearly \$10,000. Customers gape at the sight of the tailor with tape measure climbing over Walton like a Lilliputian binding Gulliver.

Back in the limo, Walton says, "I like nice clothes."

"Fourteen-hundred-dollar suits?"

"If I'm going to go out and talk to people, I might as well look good. Maybe I didn't care so much about that before. But... people change."

Next stop: the famous DiFabrizio Bottega, where Walton is having shoes made. A mold of his foot—size 17—will join those of Frank Sinatra, Cher, Barbra Streisand,

Wilt Chamberlain et al. displayed on DiFabrizio's wall. "Great shoes," says Walton. "New size for me."

"You mean your foot has grown?" says a puzzled DiFabrizio.

"No. I used to wear 17, but at UCLA my feet started sliding in my basketball shoes, so I went down to 15. My toes were all curled up, but I didn't slide."

"Didn't they hurt?"

"Sure. But I thought everybody's feet hurt."

Then it's over to the NBC studios in Burbank, where Walton is taping—will his radical, flag-eating friends from the old days believe this?—*The Hollywood Squares*. Backstage, Walton is greeted by the outstretched hand and pancaked face of Peter Marshall, the show's host. "Hiya, Bill! So glad to have you. Hope you have a lot of fun with us here on *The Hollywood Squares*."

Walton shakes hands and smiles thinly. A moment later he turns to Kolker and says, "Who is that guy?"

The questions asked in the game are written specially for each "star." In Walton's case, they aim straight for the stereotyped themes that have been hung on him by the press and public for years, and each one evokes the hoped-for giggles from the garden-club and tea-group ladies in the studio audience. For instance: "True or false. The late, great anthropologist Louis Leakey once stated that one of the reasons that mankind survived down through the ages was that he smelled so bad that other animals did not want to eat him." (Walton correctly answers true.) And "Hippocrates had a favorite medicine, Bill, that he prescribed more than anything else. You probably have it in your kitchen cupboard, or your refrigerator. What is it?" (Walton says mustard; the right answer is honey.) And "True or false. In Shakespeare's England, the average guy took a bath once a year." (Walton correctly replies true.)

Walton plays along gamely, but after the show he says, "Hey, that was terrible!"

The long day is finally over, but as Walton heads to the airport for the flight back to San Diego, Kolker starts talking about the big promotions he has in mind for the Clippers this year, including a Grateful Dead concert hosted by Walton, appearances by the famed San Diego Chicken and a cheerleading squad, the Clippers' Skippers, culled from among San Diego's finest examples of feminine pulchritude. "You can be one of the judges, Bill," he says.

"I'll just play basketball, Hal," says Walton. "I'm not a gimmick guy. Cheerleaders and chickens aren't my style."

The Walton's new home on the north end of Balboa Park, a few blocks from the San Diego Zoo, is what a man with a new seven-year \$7 million contract might be expected to own, and contrasts radically with the scruffy farmhouse and rundown apartment in downtown Portland where the Walton's used to live. It is a sprawling French-style house—seven bedrooms, seven baths, swimming pool, tennis court, spacious backyard—perfect for an expanding family, which the Walton's are; their third child is due in March. The rooms are done in earth tones, and the furniture consists mostly of huge pillows strewn about on warm, Indian-style rugs. There are walls full of books—every book from every college course Bill and Susan ever took, medical books,

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WALTON

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books on philosophy, religion and nutrition, plus countless other volumes. There are daguerreotypes of American Indians, a photograph of Malcolm X and a few Grateful Dead posters. With the exception of several shots of Bill in action, there is no clue that a star athlete lives here.

The house is wide open to friends and family members, who are free to show up, bed down in an empty room and stay a couple of days, helping themselves from the refrigerator and playing with the Waltons, who are always into one game or another. At meals, everyone at table joins hands as they say grace—the prayer is nothing exotic; just a standard thanksgiving to God for the blessings of the table and the day and a few requests that He watch out for the well-being of the diners. Susan, a funny, dynamic, Auburn-haired pure-California lady, serves up bowls of salads, rice, beans, pasta, quiches and vegetables. Bill's portions are 2½ times larger than those of all other normalized males, and he washes his food down with lots of beer.

Bill and Susan have been together since they met while attending UCLA seven years ago; they were married last February. Their premarital arrangement didn't upset their families, but they did try to make it official in Portland four years ago. "It was real crazy," says Susan. "All the parents and friends were over for dinner, people were passing joints

back and forth across the table, and Jack Scott got real rambunctious. This was during the Patty Hearst stuff. Some DJ had written a song about her, and Bill's name was in it. Jack insisted on playing the record. That night Bill came down with tonsillitis and I had terrible stomach pains, and when we woke up in the morning, Bill said, 'Hey, I don't think we should get married.' I said, 'I don't either,' and we called the whole thing off."

At noon the next day, Walton is the featured speaker at a luncheon meeting of the Escondido Rotary Club, and the room is full. Once again decked out in a natty three-piece, Walton could have been president of the local Jaycees or the Young Republicans, glad-handing, howdying and joking with all the Bobs, Jims and Harolds, the captains of the middle-class American business world. After watching Walton, who towered over the rest of the men on the dais, pledge allegiance to the flag and sing America the Beautiful, almost all the Rotarians remark in some fashion or another how good it is to see Bill "straightened out."

Taking the microphone, Walton is as smooth as a Vegas comic. He is Don Rickles as he berbs a couple of Clipper teammates in attendance, Johnny Carson as he delivers a few subtle double entendres and some harmless bathroom humor. He pokes fun at himself—"Portland wanted to trade me for Euell Gibbons and a case of carrot juice. That would be about right. Euell Gibbons and I played the same number of games last year"—and when the club president orders all members with beards to pay a dollar fine in honor of their guest, Walton quips, "Why don't you fine everyone without beards?"

He works the audience with practiced skill, although he had never made a speech of this kind before last November. He tells them lots of good, inside basketball stuff and a terrific story about how the Philadelphia 76ers tried to get him to quit school after his junior year at UCLA and sign with them in 1973. Walton had been having trouble sleeping in his tiny bed in the motel where the Bruins were staying before the NCAA championship game in St. Louis, so he arranged to switch hotels with Athletic Director J. D. Morgan, and after some confusion ended up in the Presidential Suite of the elegant Chase-Park Plaza. "It had three floors, telephones and televisions everywhere and a bed big enough for six," Walton said. "Well, we played a pretty good game of basketball to beat Memphis State, I took 22 shots, made 21 buckets and scored 44 points, and afterward everyone was coming back to the suite for a party. Now I'm the first one there, and I hear a knock at the door and there's Gene Shue and Irv Kosloff, the coach and owner of the 76ers. They walk in and look at this room and they don't know what I'm doing in there. Gene Shue says, 'Bill, we want you to come play for the 76ers. We're willing to pay you lots of money.' I look at them and I look around the room and I say, 'You've got to be kidding.' How could you folks possibly do anything better than this? This is the way UCLA takes care of me, and I'm definitely going to stay! So, they agreed and left, and then all my buddies came and we partied two or three days straight and had a great time!"

The Rotarians howl and applaud. Indeed, Walton's per-

continued



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formance is so well received that he is able to slip into a pro-environmentalist, antinuclear-energy rap and out again so deftly that no one in the audience has time or reason to register so much as a snicker or a scowl. Later, one Rotarian who has followed Walton since Walton's high school days, says, "If anyone ever told me there'd be a day when I would enjoy listening to Bill Walton for an hour, I would have said he was nuts. But I'll be darned. The guy is terrific."

That night Walton is on the basketball court at a San Diego high school, along with several other present and former Clippers, Nater, Kevin Kunnert, Kermit Washington and Freeman Williams; Paul Westphal and Joel Kramer of the Phoenix Suns, who are summering in San Diego; Walton's friend and Ernie's son, Kiki Vandeweghe, who plays at UCLA; and some local players. While Walton jogs up and down the court, jumps rope, stretches out, everybody else shoots around, waiting for him to get ready. Then play begins, and Walton is devastating: running, jumping, passing, blocking shots, scoring, as though he had never been away. During one stretch he hits 10 or 11 baseline jumpers in a row. And after twice swapping players for weaker ones to even up the competition, Walton's team still wins every game. "You know what I'd say?" says Westphal. "I'd say we can stop waiting for Bill to get ready."

At 4 a.m. the next day it is off for Yosemite. It is the first real backpacking trip Walton has made since his first son was born, and he is, as he often used to say, "pumped."

Getting there involves an airplane ride and a 20-mile hitchhike, and Walton is joyous in his freedom. Cars pass by for a quarter of an hour before one finally stops—some kind of a vehicle designed for midgets. "Turn it down, are you kidding?" says Walton. "When I was 19 I hitched a ride in the back seat of a Volkswagen with two packs and a crate of tomatoes across my lap. For 300 miles! It was great!"

By dusk he is nine miles into the backcountry and exhausted from walking, and after a plunge into an icy lake and a dinner of freeze-dried macaroni laced with chili sauce and hot coffee, Walton unrolls himself by the campfire.

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he says. "I don't think I've changed as much as I've grown. Oh, I've changed in some ways, but everyone changes as they grow older and do different things. Because everything I said and did when I was younger was so scrutinized and chiseled in marble, now that I'm presenting myself differently, people think I'm a different person. No... you know, I have a wife and two kids now, and a third on the way. I can't be as selfish as I once might have been.

"At UCLA, one of the most difficult things was that I wasn't comfortable being a basketball star, not off the court, anyway. I wasn't used to having reporters following me around, and I wasn't ready for it. I just wanted to be a college student, spending my free time doing what my friends were doing, not talking to a lot of people I didn't know. I thought that was perfectly logical, but most people thought it was weird.

"Because I was a basketball star and not just another college student in the '70s, I was very weird. And very lonely. I didn't have a lot of friends. There were times when I had none. I used to walk to games wearing a T shirt and sandals, and people thought that was weird. I lived a half mile from Pauley so I walked, and people used to yell at me and say I was crazy. I really took it personally that people didn't like me. So I started riding my bike, because that was the only way I could get around without people stopping me, and they thought, 'Wow, that guy is weird!'"

The early '70s were bitter, divisive and passionate times, and like thousands of college students everywhere, Bill Walton was committed to stopping the Vietnam War, getting rid of Richard Nixon and exposing the abuses of the FBI. And when things finally began to heal, the protesters found places to live and work inside the patched-up society—in the law, the arts, business, politics. But it has taken until now, until he has put on a three-piece suit and started speaking to Rotary Clubs, for Bill Walton to be accepted.

"Athletes are always advised not to make waves," Walton says, "not to call attention to themselves in unpopular situations. I had been taught by my parents to be honest, and I always make a conscious effort not to separate one part of my life from another." Thus, when Walton was arrested for occupying the

UCLA administration building along with 51 other students in 1972, he was the one who made the six o'clock news. He was the one whom Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty labeled "a Communist dupe." And when he said things like, "No man should be allowed to be President after he's 35," and, "If a black man gunned me down right now I'd figure it was all right because of what whites have done to blacks," the quotes were trumpeted in newspapers all across the country. Never mind that they were spoken by a 20-year-old sophomore, this was an *All-America* speaking, and the country had a right to know.

Early in his senior season certain aspects of Walton's life clashed with those of his superconservative coach, John Wooden. They had nothing to do with basketball. Walton's vegetarian diet, his resistance to Wooden's strictures about haircuts, the fact that he was living with Susan, things he did in the privacy of his home, brought about a confrontation. Wooden felt that Walton was being led astray by one of his teammates.

"I always felt that you couldn't have a better person than Bill as far as practice and playing games were concerned," Wooden says. "But those were years of rebellion for him. I felt, unfortunately, that away from the basketball court he was more of a follower, while on the court he was definitely a leader."

Shortly after the confrontation, Greg Lee, the point guard who had passed to Walton for 14 assists in Walton's magnificent 21-for-22 NCAA championship game the previous spring, was benched for most of the 1973-74 season. To be sure, Walton nonetheless went on to become the College Player of the Year for the third straight time, but his disaffection for "the Establishment" grew even greater. Further, it was probably no coincidence that the Bruins' winning streak, which had reached 88 games, was broken that season, and that UCLA lost four games, including the NCAA semifinal game to North Carolina State. Walton insists that the wounds of that season have healed. He says he loves John Wooden

and owes him much. And he has used his influence to get Lee, who has played pro ball in Germany, a contract with the Clippers.

Early the next morning Walton is hiking again, loving the sky and the sun and the mountains. "I grew up here in Yosemite," he says as he stops to munch some fruit. "Every summer my dad would bring us up here for a couple of weeks. I can't wait until Adam and Nathan are big enough so I can take them." An occasional hiker passes. Some of them are oblivious, off on their own trips; others ogle the biggest human they have ever seen. Some stop and squeal, "Hey, I know you. You're Walton? How's the knees? How's the team? How about an autograph for my kid?" Walton handles the intrusions with aplomb.

At the top of Donohue Pass, 11,056 feet above sea level, a dude comes floating along with a beard and long hair and purple Coke-bottle shades. He floats right by with a nod, sees Walton's Grateful Dead shirt and mutters, "Hey, how's the band?"

A Deadhead!
Walton nearly falls off his rock. "Grrrrrr!" he says, just like Tony the Tiger. A while later Walton catches up to the guy—his name is Dave—and stops to chat. "I think I've seen you before," Dave says to Walton.

"Probably at a Grateful Dead concert," says Walton.

"Yeah. I guess so," says Dave.
Fruit is shared, and the two talk the language of the Dead.

"I know I've seen you," says Dave.
"At a Grateful Dead concert, I'm telling you," says Walton, playing Dave to the hilt.

Dave snaps his fingers. "Were you at the concert in Pauley the day before New Year's?"

"Yep."
"Were you one of the guys dancing around on the stage when that Egyptian guy was singing?"

"Yep."
"That's where I saw you!" says Dave, satisfied.

Shortly afterward, Walton picks his way down a precipitous mountainside so narrow and strewn with loose rocks and boulders that three Japanese hikers—a man and two women—at the bottom have to wait for him and Dave to get

continued

Song lyrics from "Truckin'", words by Robert Hunter, music by Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir and Phil Lesh, The Grateful Dead; "Ripple", words by John Barlow, music by Bob Weir, Jack Straw, words by Robert Hunter, music by Bob Weir; *Rock On!* Publishing Co., 1971, 1976 and 1972

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WALTON

continued

down before they can go up. They stare at Walton. "Does your size help you?" one of the women says politely.

Walton pulls himself up as tall as he can get, breaks into a huge grin, and says with a most definitive nod, "Yes."

Walton walks on, laughing. "What do you do when you're not walking up mountains?" he asks Dave.

"Well," says Dave, "on September 15 I have to go back to Santa Cruz and become a college student."

"I know how it is," says Walton. "On September 14 I have to go back to San Diego and become a professional basketball player."

"You're not . . . no . . . hey, you're not . . ."

"Yep."

Walton makes camp along the Lyell River, about 25 miles from Yosemite Valley, his destination. He slings his food in a sleeping-bag sack over a high tree limb to protect it from bears, which he has heard, but does not quite believe, are around.

"Hey, what happened to your foot in Portland, anyway?" Dave asks Bill.

"You name it," says Bill with a big laugh.

"Oh. You know I was in Portland last year when the Blazers were going to training camp, and *The Oregonian* ran a picture of you playing the drums in Egypt with the Dead."

Walton laughs some more. "Yeah. They didn't much like me up in Portland then. But, hey, I did what I could. I was in a cast. What could I have done in camp? Pass out the aspirin?"

"Let me ask you. If what happened with your foot hadn't happened. . . ?"

"I'd still be in Portland."

"It wasn't the money?"

"It's never been a matter of money. You know the Grateful Dead line. We used to *play for life, now we play for life*? I play for my life. I'd play every minute I could even if there was no money at all. I enjoy the money, but mostly what I enjoy is getting out there in a gym with a few basketball players, some shoes, balls, rims . . . it's *grrrrrrr*! There's nothing I'd rather do. Especially now, because for a year and a half I was forced not to. That was the first time since I was eight that I laid out that long. It was *terrible*. Before I got to Portland I was never really injured. My rookie year I was leading

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the league in blocked shots and shooting 51% after 17 games, when my foot went out. My doctor said it was bone spurs. But the Trail Blazer doctor said, 'Here. Take these pills and shots and you'll be fine.'"

Walton laughs. He often laughs when recalling these memories, like a whistler in a graveyard.

"I didn't think so, so I refused. Boy, they didn't like that. The next year I was playing pretty well, until I came up with a sore leg one game and took the first shot of my life in order to play. An important date, February 8, 1976."

"Why did you decide to take the shot?" asks Dave.

"Hey," says Walton with another laugh. "Knocked down gets to wearin' this."

The camping party is zippered up tight in sleeping bags and the thermometer reads 17° at midnight. Then come sounds of breaking tree limbs, heavy breathing, scratching and grunts. Walton and Dave are asleep, so it can't be either of them. "We got some bears after our food!" comes the shout.

"Hey, Dave," Bill yells. "Bears!"

"Uh-oh," says Dave.

And nobody moves. Or sleeps. For hours.

In the morning, the food sack is found ripped in two, and everything is gone but the powdered milk—"I didn't like that stuff anyway," says Walton. Even a plastic bottle of suntan oil, pierced by two nasty teeth, has been drained. So the trip is abandoned early, and Walton and his companions set out toward the Tuolumne Meadows ranger station, looking for a fat bear getting a suntan.

In between there are a few stops and more talk. Walton is fighting actively against nuclear energy and thinks that "all the nuclear waste should be dumped in Richard Nixon's front yard." He likes California Governor Jerry Brown and would like to see him run for President. Walton also is very concerned about human rights and world hunger. His solution is to break up the industrial oligarchies and put business in the hands of the enterprising, caring little guys, which, millionaire though he is, he insists include himself. He makes a joke about being a "born-again capitalist" and pulls from his pack a bottle of Bill Walton's Wonder Bee Pollen, which the bear

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missed, because Walton had cached it in his pack the night before. Packaged by Earth Mother Corp., of which Walton is part owner, its label shows Bill playing basketball with a huge American flag behind him, and includes his signed endorsement: "... not only is it good for me, it's good for everyone."

The "born-again capitalist" remark and Walton's new reverence for the flag have been used in newspaper articles to neatly explain his transformation—the speeches, the suits, the squeaky-clean image. "Doesn't it offend you," he is asked, "that these symbols are what is important, more important than who you really are?"

"Why?" he says. "I got tired having people thinking I'm weird. In Portland, because I had long hair I was weird. Because I liked to be outside I was weird. Because I liked the Grateful Dead I was weird. Because I had friends living in my house I was weird."

"When you won the NBA championship you weren't so weird."

"Yes I was. But I was tolerated. When I decided I had to quit the Trail Blazers I was very weird. That's why it's so great to be in California. Here I'm *normal*!" Walton laughs and laughs.

"This is the thing. That year and a half that I couldn't play basketball I did a lot of thinking. I realized that life is much more enjoyable if people like you, and that you don't have to compromise your values to have that. Take the Rotary Club. The Pledge of Allegiance, singing *America the Beautiful*, wearing a suit, those are rituals. The Grateful Dead has rituals, too. The important thing isn't the rituals, it's the communication that follows. The important thing is for me to get up there and talk to those people. It's foolish to get into arguments over idiotic issues like the Pledge of Allegiance, the clothes I wear, the food I eat. Those are all personal things. What's important is to talk to people. You're never going to influence people by telling them they're foolish. The best way is to tell them they're great. Why haggle over labels—remember, I've never been a gimmick guy—when all you want to do is get your message across? And it's much easier to get your message across if people think you're just like them."

The rest of the hike is quiet. The temperature is 96° Walton waves off an offer

of water. "Right now I'm just thinking beer," he says. "I want to get so thirsty I can't even talk."

When he finally reaches civilization he is slightly down. But he hits the first store for a case of beer and finds a lake beside which to drink it all. The glow comes back, and things could not be more perfect for Walton. He is excited about being with the Clippers—with the extraordinary shooter Lloyd Free and with his old friend Greg Lee and with Gene Shue, the coach who tried to coax him out of the Presidential Suite in St. Louis.

But he knows there still remains a matter to be cleared up: just how much flesh Commissioner Larry O'Brien will extract from the Clippers as compensation to make his old team, the Trail Blazers, "whole."

"Randy Smith and Swen Nater," Walton says. "The commissioner's a smart man. He knows what the Trail Blazers did. He won't ruin the Clippers to help Portland, will he? Randy we could lose because we have plenty of guards, and Swen is dangerous for me to practice against. The one guy we can't lose is Kermit Washington. He's great! Stronger, maybe better, than Maurice Lucas."

Weeks later Walton would describe the sick feeling he got on the fourth morning of training camp when Assistant Coach Bob Weiss kept popping out to call players into Shue's office: Smith, Kevin Kunnert, Washington. "Everybody knew what was happening," said Walton. "They didn't know when or if Weiss would ever stop calling names. I felt terrible. Couldn't look at anyone. These guys were being run out of town because I signed a contract to play with them." The end result: Kunnert, a backup center, and Washington, the irreplaceable, were sent to Portland, along with two first-round draft choices. Smith was traded to Cleveland to replace one of those lost draft picks. "Yesterday we were a great team," says Walton. "Today we are just a good one. It's ridiculous. I work all my life to be a great player and play on a great team, and now the commissioner takes that right away. It's the same thing all over again. The Trail Blazers are not the bad guys. They're the good guys. I'm the bad guy."

Which in the eyes of some is what Walton's been all along because they

couldn't stomach his association with Jack Scott ("He was a very close friend and he helped me a lot"); the Patty Hearst connection ("I never met her in my life"); and the day in 1975 that he called on the people of the world to "stand with us in our rejection of the United States government."

"Regretting something is not productive," says Walton of his past. "Just as pointless as trying to convince yourself that the person in an old photograph is not you. Obviously, at those times I believed in what I was doing, or I would not have done them."

The one thing he does regret, agonizes over, whether he laughs about it or not, is his decision to take those needles in Portland. "I acted foolishly a year and a half ago," he says. "I made the mistake of believing my friends [Bob Cook, the doctor, and Jack Ramsay, the coach] when they told me it wouldn't be wrong. There is an amazing scene in the film *North Dallas Forty*. The team lost by a point and in the locker room the players are all blown away. An assistant coach—this jerk—is trying to hurry everyone along, and a huge lineman just freaks, yelling over and over, 'Whenever you call it a business I call it a game! Whenever I call it a business you call it a game!' An incredible speech. And you know, it's really difficult for an athlete to tell the difference between the business and the game. I missed it. Now, theoretically, I've learned my lesson."

"Do you ever think about getting hurt again?" he is asked.

"Never think about getting hurt. I know it's going to happen. I just hope that when it does, I'll have the personal courage to decide for myself whether or not I can play."

Unfortunately, the inevitable injury would not wait. Three games into the exhibition season, Walton's left foot became too sore for him to play. "Too much too soon," he said.

"It will be all right, I know it will," he added, as if wishing would make it so. He has gone through the injury routine enough times by now to know that a lame foot cannot stop his life. And he turns, as usual, to the Grateful Dead for the lesson:

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Reminiscence

by JACK DIES MARTIN

FALLING LEAVES AND FOOTBALL CALL A MIDDLE-AGED MAN TO HIS OWN CAMELOT

Yesterday, I went back to my Camelot, although I don't really call it that. Camelot would be more like it, though to me it is always a place of magic and wonder. I discovered it over a period of years and, with something like the instincts of a migrating bird, I return there each fall.

Yesterday my son, Randy, went with me. We drove to the local high school practice field and began throwing a football even before we got out of the parking lot.

"Take off for a long one!" I shouted, and he streaked away, a tall boy of 15, the sun glinting off his blond hair. I cocked my arm and waited for him to go a full 30 yards before I threw the ball hard toward a spot I hoped would give him the proper lead. It did, and Randy gathered in the ball on the run. Whirling quickly around, he raised it in his left hand, waved his right in the silent signal recognized by little boys and grown men since footballs started getting passed around on this planet: take off left.

I took off, riding a high that no drug could possibly match, breathing hard and holding my hands chest high, ready to extend them to catch the ball. I saw Randy's arm come forward and the pigskin sail high toward me. I slanted more to the left and ran under it.

Slap! The ball stung my hands and forearms, and I hugged it tight as I slowed down, already starting to turn to loft it back to my son. We ran down the field like that, passing the ball back and forth.

"Way to go, Dad!"

"Good catch, Randy, great!"

As all schoolboys know, you can't have a good game of pass and kick without proper narration and identification with legitimate football heroes.

"Kramer lets it go! And Rashad's got it!" I shout as Randy leaps high to grab the ball. "Oh, what a catch! Touchdown, Vikings!"

There is an odor of new-cut grass. The sky is cloudless and the temperature about 80. A nice breeze is blowing over the field, which sits on a little plateau overlooking green Minnesota farmland.

"Hold it for me, Dad!"

I place the ball on the 15-yard line while Randy limbers up his place-kicking foot. He boots one that skitters off to the left and silently retrieves the ball while I remain in the holder's position. On his next try the ball sails over the crossbar.

"And the Vikes tack on the conversion!" I announce to the thousands crowding my imagination.

It is so beautiful, this wondrous place of autumn. I'm 44 years old now, and when I was Randy's age not many guys of 44 ran around in a T shirt and blue shorts playing pass and kick. But it makes me younger than Randy, because. . .

The Minnesota farmland fades away and the dominant structure on the landscape becomes the white tower of the University of Texas, as seen from the playground of Woodridge Elementary School on 24th Street in Austin. I am 11, in the sixth grade, and playing pass-and-kick football on the gravelly ground with my brother, Jerry, 13, and Billy Jackson, 10, our best friend. In the fall, the season is a daily ritual. Sometimes a few of the university boys come over from a fraternity or boardinghouse and play with us, and we marvel at how far they can pass and how high their punts fly.

On one historic afternoon Bobby Layne, the Longhorns' quarterback, spent a few minutes with us. He threw a pass to each of us, and we caught the battered ball as though it were a piece of jade thrown by a silk-clad khan to the masses.

I wished fervently, and secretly, that Adele Black and Peggy Taylor, the prettiest girls in the sixth grade, had been there watching. Sometimes they stayed around after school waiting for their parents to pick them up. But not on that day, darn it. I somehow knew that my performance would have made one or both of them want to marry me when we grew up.

We asked Layne if he would throw the ball as far as he could, and he laughed and told us to stand about five feet in front of him. Then he said, "Take off."

We ran toward the far end of the playground, me down the middle, Jerry on the left sideline and Billy on the right. Layne waited and winked at his wife who was standing patiently, smiling, on the sidewalk. We ran. To my mind, the distance seemed like 600 yards, easy. Then, almost too quick to see, he threw the ball. It traveled like a bullet, spiraling, humming, soaring higher than the two-story, tan stucco school building. Then it started down; Jerry, Billy and I closed in on the fence. The ball dropped out of the sky, coming down between me and Billy. We both stretched our arms out and just tipped it before it hit the base of the fence. We looked back in awe. Layne waved and then he and his wife walked away, as did the people who, recognizing the passer, had stopped to watch.

"Boy, howdy!" Billy exclaimed.

I picked up the ball. "I'm Bobby Layne!" I yelled, giving Billy the universal take-off-for-a-pass sign.

"I'm Jimmy Canady!" Billy shouted, claiming the identity of the Longhorns' halfback.

Jerry cast about for a moment for a UT player for himself and then yelled as he joined the pass pattern, "I'm Tommy Landry!"

Shadows rolled across the playground like a tarpaulin being laid in slow motion. We threw the ball around until our instincts and the setting sun told us it was time to head home.

I played my Bobby Layne part for years, although more silently as I grew older, through junior high and beyond. At odd moments, I still do.

The bright fall sun, the sting of leather (even imitation leather) against my hands—they have stayed with me since then. Wherever I have managed to get into a game, I have found my Camelot: on a Far East island after Army duty hours; in a park in Little Rock where I wrote for the AP about the exploits of Layne's successors in the Southwest Conference; in a backyard in Louisville where I watched Randy take his first uncertain steps as a baby and try to eat a tiny, soft rubber football.

Each fall constituted an awakening and a remembering. But finding my special place became harder and harder. The running and kicking got a little tougher,

continued

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REMINISCENCE continued

the muscles a little sorer. In the first year after I first noticed the soreness I could excuse taking it easy because Randy was just a little tyke.

Soon, however, there were no excuses. With each passing year I added a ring of fat around my middle. Expense-account dinners and cocktails and too much sitting around had put flab on my body, and my zest for life atrophied like unused muscle, my enthusiasms sputtered like a flare at the end of a campus torch-light parade. I watched as my Camelot faded into the distance. The cry "Way to go!" grew faint. In the fall I had to be content with watching the flat, flickering images of football players on the television screen.

Then, four years ago, I decided to take up jogging. I wondered if by running I could catch up with my retreating Camelot, recapture it for the fall and the other seasons, too. So I started to run, very slowly and self-consciously at first, clomping along in \$3.98 sneakers from the local K-Mart, having to stop after only a block or two. But I kept doing it, until I could run for several blocks, and then, after I'd learned enough to buy running shoes and quit smoking cigarettes, I went a mile.

In a short time I became aware of the sheer joy of movement that I had known as a child, when a leap over a sidewalk was an Olympic long-jump record, when a dash across a vacant lot, a jump over a Cyclone fence, a swing from the tree limb in Professor Boatwright's side yard all added up to a victory in the decathlon.

Far away on the horizon I could see the outline of Camelot. When fall came again I was even closer, and I asked Randy if he wanted to go out and throw the football around for awhile.

Now, through the fall, the winter, spring and summer I run, pursuing a memory of vitality and happiness. It calls for extra effort and I give it proudly. I grew to hate the insidious accumulation of rings around my trunk and began reversing the process. My sense of serenity grows. On and on I run.

Life begins to look different. Some of the attitudes I have held for years slip away from me. New ones grow and take hold like replacement cells in my body and, like such cells, they are stronger, more resilient and able to function far

better than their worn-out predecessors. People comment, "You don't seem so uptight anymore." And I don't feel so uptight either. My wife, Marilyn, and my children notice the change.

Yet I am not a zealot. I don't run five miles every day, usually it's only three or four, and if I do it three times a week it's a good week. Sometimes I skip a whole week at a time, and I still succumb now and then to the lure of a big lunch and a couple of Manhattans.

But what I do seems to be enough to carry me down the road toward Camelot. I follow its shining beacon over snow-covered roads in January, breathing through a piece of old terry-cloth towel, which I have discovered is an effective—and cheap—mask against the Minnesota cold. I run in the moderating chill of spring and in the heat of summer, gasping in the humidity and finishing clammy with sweat.

I have found once again something of that joy and that exuberance that I knew on the playgrounds, sidewalks and vacant lots of Austin. It is a new strength, a new defense against the stresses of adult life. The alleged benefits of exercise, I have discovered, are very real. For years I had been skeptical of such reports, but, for me at least, they are true. The more I move around, the calmer things get.

But my greatest pleasure arrives with the approach of fall. It comes when the zest of summer is beginning to pall and the back-to-school ads for kids' clothes and notebooks start appearing in the paper, when the sports pages start carrying notes on pro football training camps and the college coaches' laments about their coming season—that's my time of year. It is the time when I remember the awesome bulk of Memorial Stadium in Austin, the color of the light on the U1 tower on nights after football games—orange if the Longhorns won, white if they lost (it was usually orange)—the fallen autumn leaves rustling along 26th Street and the pretty coeds rushing out of the sorority houses on University Avenue to the post-game dance.

It is in the fall that I shed the weight of years and pick up my pace, because I am almost to Camelot. There it is, up ahead, my refuge, my dream world, my special shining spot.

END



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How to improve your vocabulary

By Tony Randall



International Paper asked Tony Randall—who won *The American Heritage Dictionary Usage Panel* and lives words almost as much as acting—to tell how he has acquired his enormous vocabulary.

Words can make us laugh, cry, go to war, fall in love.

Rudyard Kipling called words the most powerful drug of mankind. If they are, I'm a hopeless addict—and I hope to get you hooked, too!

Whether you're still in school or you head up a corporation, the better command you have of words, the better chance you have of saying exactly what you mean, of understanding what others mean—and of getting what you want in the world.

English is the richest language—with the largest vocabulary on earth. Over 1,000,000 words!

But can express shades of meaning that aren't even possible in other languages. (For example, you can differentiate between "sky" and "heaven." The French, Italians and Spanish cannot.)

Yet, the average adult has a vocabulary of only 30,000 to 60,000 words. Imagine what we're missing!

Here are five pointers that help me learn—and remember—whole families of words at a time.

They may not look easy—and

won't be at first. But if you stick with them you'll find they work!

What's the first thing to do when you see a word you don't know?

1. Try to guess the meaning of the word from the way it's used

You can often get at least part of a word's meaning—just from how it's used in a sentence.

That's why it's so important to read as much as you can—different kinds of things: magazines, books, newspapers you don't normally read. The more you expose yourself to new words, the more words you'll pick up just by seeing how they're used.

For instance, say you run across the word "manacle":

"The manacles had been on John's wrists for 30 years. Only one person had a key—his wife."

You have a good idea of what "manacles" are—just from the context of the sentence.

But let's find out exactly what the word means and where it comes from. The only way to do this, and to build an extensive vocabulary fast, is to go to the dictionary. (How lucky, you can—Shakespeare couldn't. There *wasn't* an English dictionary in his day!)

So you go to the dictionary. (NOTE: Don't let dictionary abbreviations put you off. The front tells you what they mean, and even has a guide to pronunciation.)

2. Look it up

Here's the definition for "manacle" in *The American Heritage*

Dictionary of the English Language

man-a-cle (man'-s-kel) *n.* Usually plural
1. A device for confining the hands, usually consisting of two metal rings that are fastened about the wrists and joined by a metal chain, a handcuff. 2. Anything that confines or restrains—or is **manacled, -clings, -cles**.
1. To restrain with manacles. 2. To confine or restrain as if with manacles, shackle, fetter. [Middle English *manacle* from Old French, from Latin *manus* = little hand, handle, diminutive of *manus*, hand. See **man-** in Appendix *]

The first definition fits here: A device for confining the hands, usually consisting of two metal rings that are fastened about the wrists and joined by a metal chain, a handcuff.

Well, that's what you thought it meant. But what's the idea behind the word? What are its roots? To really understand a word, you need to know.

Here's where the detective work—and the fun—begins.

3. Dig the meaning out by the roots

The root is the basic part of the word—its heritage, its origin. (Most of our roots come from



their origin, like in remembering at word roots—its origin



Emancipate! You a Latin root. Learn it and you'll know other words at a glance.

Latin and Greek words at least 2,000 years old—which come from even earlier Indo-European tongues!

Learning the roots: 1) Helps us remember words. 2) Gives us a deeper understanding of the words we already know. And 3) allows us to pick up whole families of new words at a time. That's why learning the root is the most important part of going to the dictionary.

Notice the root of "manacle" is *manus* (Latin) meaning "hand."

Well, that makes sense. Now, other words with this root, *man*, start to make sense, too.

Take *manual*—something done "by hand" (*manual* labor) or a "handbook." And *manage*—to "handle" something (as a *manager*). When you *emancipate* someone, you're taking him "from the hands of" someone else.

When you *manufacture* something, you "make it by hand" (in its original meaning).

And when you finish your first novel, your publisher will see your—originally "handwritten"—*manuscript*.

Imagine! A whole new world of words opens up—just from one simple root!

The root gives the *basic* clue to the meaning of a word. But there's another important clue that runs a close second—the *prefix*.

4. Get the powerful prefixes under your belt

A prefix is the part that's sometimes attached to the front of a word. Like—well, *prefix*. There aren't many—less than 100 major prefixes—and you'll learn them in no time at all just by becoming more aware of the meanings of words you already know.

Here are a few. (Some of the "How-to" vocabulary-building

books will give you the others.)

PREFIX	MEANING	EXAMPLES	LITERAL MEANING
anti- contra- contra- contra-	opposite against against against	with very together without against against against	Latin word from with Latin word Latin word Latin word Latin word

Now, see how the *prefix* (along with the context) helps you get the meaning of the italicized words:

- "If you're going to be my witness, your story must *corroborate* my story." (The literal meaning of *corroborate* is "strengthen together.")
- "You told me one thing—now you tell me another. Don't *contradict* yourself." (The literal meaning of *contradict* is "say against.")
- "Oh, that snake's not poisonous. It's a completely *innocuous* little garden snake." (The literal meaning of *innocuous* is "not harmful.")

Now, you've got some new words. What are you going to do with them?

5. Put your new words to work at once

Use them several times the first day you learn them. Say them out loud! Write them in sentences.

Should you "use" them on friends? Careful—you don't want them to think you're a stuffed shirt. (It depends on the situation. You *know* when a word sounds natural—and when it sounds stuffy.)

How about your enemies? You have my blessing. Ask one of them

if he's read that article on pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis. (You really can find it in the dictionary.) Now, you're one up on him.

So what do you do to improve your vocabulary?

Remember: 1) Try to guess the meaning of the word from the way it's used. 2) Look it up. 3) Dig the meaning out by the roots. 4) Get the powerful prefixes under your belt. 5) Put your new words to work at once.

That's all there is to it—you're off on your treasure hunt.

Now, do you see why I love words so much?

Aristophanes said, "By words, the mind is excited and the spirit elated." It's as true today as it was



The more words you know, the more you can use. What does *corroborate* really mean? See the text when he said it in Athens—2,400 years ago!

I hope you're now like me—hooked on words forever.

Tony Randall

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102.7

RADIO FM

You can also program up to six stations into the memory. And recall any one with the touch of a finger.

15

SNOOZ TIME

For a little extra sleep press the Snooz bar. It lets you sleep an extra minute or an extra hour. You tell the memory how long.

E

ERROR

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 1-7

Compiled by BILL COLSON

BOXING—JORGE LUIAN of Panama knocked out Mexico's Roberto Rubalcava in the 15th round to retain the WBA bantamweight title, at McAllen, Texas.

[illegible]

The Falcons sacked Quarterback David Whitburn eight times, once for a safety, and Atlanta's Tim Mazzoni booted 23-, 48- and 42-yard field goals. Final score: Atlanta 25, Packers 7. The Patriots, meanwhile, narrowly escaped being upset again when a 14-0 lead turned into a 17-14 third-period deficit, Tom Oakes replaced the ineffective Steve Grogan at quarterback and called the Pass to a 24-17 victory.

GOLF—A 17-under-par 268 gave LOU GRAMM a one-stroke victory over Bill Rogers and Eddie Peerce in the \$250,000 San Antonio-Texas Open.

DEBBIE MASSIE beat Betty King on the first extra hole to win the \$100,000 Wheeling (W/Va) Classic. They finished regulation play at 219, three over par.

HORSE RACING—AFFIRMED (53 200 Laffi Pincay Jr. up. Finished three-quarters of a length ahead of Semotuslar Bid to win the \$375,000 Society Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park. The 1978 Triple Crown winner carried the 115-pound in 2:27.95 (pace 58).

THREE THIRDS, ridden by Freddy Head, defeated Le Marmite by three lengths to win the \$492,450 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in Paris. The 3-year-old filly was timed in 2:28.9 for the 1.49 miles.

MOTOR SPORTS—GILLES VILLENEUVE, averaging 100.46 mph in a Ferrari, was the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. by 48.78 seconds over Rene Arnoux in a Renault (see p. 96).

CALE YARBOROUGH averaged 134.266 mph in a Monte Carlo to win the \$100,000 National 500 at the Charlotte Motor Speedway by a lap over Bobby Allison in a Thunderbolt.

TENNIS—VITAS GERULAITIS defeated John Alexander 5-7, 6-4, 8-6, 6-2 in Sydney to clinch a victory for the U.S. over Australia in the microport semifinals of Davis Cup play.

EVONNE GOOLAGONG CAWLEY won the \$100,000 U.S. Women's Indoor title in Bloomington, Minn. with a 6-3, 4-6 win over Denise Evansville.

BILL SCANLON upset Peter Fleming 6-1, 6-1 to win the \$100,000 Island Holidays Classic in Kalamazoo, Mich. Housa.

MILEPOSTS—FINED New England Cornerback RAY CLAYTON, \$1,000 by NFL Commissioner Paul Tagliabue.

role for conduct involving members of the news media." Following the Patriots' Sept. 19 victory over the Jets, Clayborn allegedly provoked a locker room fistfight with Boston Globe Sportswriter Will McDonough. The week before, Clayborn had verbally abused Bruce Lowery of the Associated Press, who was trying to interview him after New England's loss to Pittsburgh.

FIRED By Kansas City, WHITEY HERZOG, who managed the Royals to three AL West titles and a 416-394 record in 4½ seasons. This year K.C. finished in second place, three games behind the Angels.

HIRED To manage the Chicago Cubs, **PRESTON GUNTZ**, 56, a coach with the Dodgers (he past three seasons) and a former manager of the Padres (1994-95) and the Astros (1994-95). Gunter replaces Herman Franks, who resigned last week.

TRADED: By the New Jersey Nets, Forward **BERNARD KING**, 27, who in two NBA seasons has scored an average of 27.8 points a game. Center **JOHN GIANELLIS**, 29, a 7'9" scorer over seven years. Guard **JIM BOVLAN**, 24, a point guard apiece, plus an undisclosed amount of cash to the Utah Jazz for Center **RICH KELLEY**, 28, who has an average of 10.0 points a game in four seasons and was the league's second-leading rebounder last year with 12.8 per game.

DIED KEN STRONG 71 was halfback and placekicker for the New York Giants during the 1970s and 40s, of an apparent heart attack in Manhattan. Strong gained the Salem State Stagger of the NFL in 1950, when he set a college record of 3,000 yards the year before he NFL. He was capped as a 100-yard All-American. He went to the Giants in 1953 and played on and off for them through 1967. During his 12 year career he scored 545 points, 151 of them with the Giants. Strong reported the Giants in 1967 as a kicking coach a position he held through 1969. He was elected to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1987.

CREDIT

4-John Paparelli 26.23-Vickie Kozak at 38-Man
Muller 26.37-Matteo Izzi at 37-Maryann at 36
26-Maryann 26.37-George Tadeo at 35
Bibi James 26.39-George Tademani 40
4-Manny Mullin 42-Peter Reed 46. 46. 46
Manny Grossman 46.47-George Sid Kops John G
Zimmarran 48-Michael Giden Ameyaga 46-46
Ericson 48-John Kops 48-48-48
Eric Swickard 49-49-Stewart 49-49-Stahl
49-Peter Robinson 50-Slave Powell 105-Graham
Fitzroyer 105. 105-John Finkeln 105. 105-Peter
Reed 106-John Paparelli 110-Peter Reed
110-Larry Sanford Greg Stewart Hugh

FACES IN THE CROWD



Received 11 July 2002; accepted 11 September 2002



LOREN ROBERTS
SAN LEO GOLF CLUB

Roberts, 24, of the San Leo Obispo Country Club, had rounds of 71, 69 and 72 in winning the third annual PGA National Assistants' Professional Championship in Brockton, Mass. by one shot over Bob Huber and Bob Ford.



FREDDIE MILES
Miles, the leading rusher (1,420 yards) and Player of the Year in Dade County last season, ran for 202 yards on 25 carries to lead Miami Springs High to a 25-14 win over Carol City. This year he has picked up 683 yards on 118 carries.



Figure 1



JENNIFER JAMES
LAHOMA, CALIF.

Jennifer, 14, had a no-hitter, allowed an average of just three hits a game and was the winning pitcher in 15 of her All-American Association fast-pitch softball team's 20 victories. She also batted .369 and had an on-base percentage of .759.



EXPLORE ONLINE



ON THE CURVES



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

BUCCANEER SPIRIT

Sir,

Thank you for recognizing the Buccaneers' dramatic turnaround (*Time for Good Times in Tampa Bay*, Oct. 1). The change has been as big as the change in the Tampa weather shown in your photographs. Up here in Minnesota it is hard to get news about teams other than the Vikings, but when I got my copy of SI in the mail and saw Dewey Selmon on the cover, it was like being back home in Florida.

PHIL HATLEM
New Brighton, Minn.

Sir,

I have looked at your Oct. 1 issue more than 100 times. From 0-26 in the cover of SI in less than four years? How sweet it is.

KENT LE BLANC
Orlando, Fla.

Sir,

The recent success of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers can be attributed to many things, but two of the most important factors are faith and patience. Faith on the part of the Bucs' management in Coach John McKay. Patience to let a young team develop through its mistakes and growing pains. Perhaps the Bucs will be an example to others and help curb the almost fanatical drive for overnight success, which often results in many coaches being overnight failures.

OTIS GOGGIN
Oxford, Miss.

Sir,

Sure, Tampa Bay has some great players, but it takes more than a handful of players to make a good team. Buccaneer fans would really find out what kind of team they are cheering for if Tampa Bay played such teams as Dallas, Pittsburgh, New England and San Diego. About the only way the Bucs can make the playoffs is by being in the very weak NFC Central Division.

DAVID BENNETT
Cheraw, S.C.

Sir,

In recent issues I have read comments about which team has the ugliest uniforms in the National Football League (the Seattle Seahawks). But no one ever mentions which team has the best-looking uniforms. In my opinion it's Tampa Bay.

JEFF HARKLEROAD
Powell, Tenn.

PRODUCTS OF JACKSON STATE

Sir,

You omitted two great athletes who are Jackson State alums in the article on Perry Harrington (*Harangon Is Unharned*, Sept. 24): Pro Bowler Ben McGee, formerly of the

Pittsburgh Steelers, and Willie Richardson, formerly of the Baltimore Colts.

It may interest you to know that as tremendous a player as Coy Bacon is, he was overlooked on the bench at Jackson State because there was so much talent on the team.

PALL T. B. HEMPHILL
Columbus, Ohio

DEFENDING LOYOLA

Sir,

Coles Phinizy (*We Know of Knute, Yet Know Him Not*, Sept. 10) is somewhat inaccurate in relating the recruitment of Notre Dame All-America Halfback Marchmont Schwartz by Knute Rockne in the late '20s. Phinizy quotes Schwartz, who had originally enrolled at Loyola University in New Orleans to play football, as saying that he left that university for Notre Dame when he "found out that there were about 10 players on the Loyola squad who were taking only a one-hour course at night and were still eligible. I wanted to leave after two weeks."

In fact, there were 21 players on the freshman squad that included Schwartz, and of these, 19 are listed in the university registrar's records as being enrolled as full-time students (12 or more semester hours). One earned five hours; one earned three hours. The varsity squad of that year (1927) was comprised of 24 players, and of this group 21 earned degrees from the university. These records hardly support the implication of the quote attributed to Schwartz.

The remark has surely done a disservice to Loyola, an institution of long-standing integrity. I am happy to set the record straight for your readers.

FELIX A. GALDEN
Past President
Loyola University Alumni
Association
New Orleans

"WA"

Sir,

The marvelous anecdotes about Japanese baseball by Robert Whiting (*You Gotta Have "Wa"*, Sept. 24) were entertaining yet serious enough to offer an important lesson. If athletes and coaches can properly discipline themselves to make a common effort, the team is always a winner. However, I think the strict regulations of Japanese baseball rob the individual of his free-spiritedness, which American sport thrives on. Still, American superstars would do well to humble themselves with this thought: most great players are the result of great teams, not the cause of them.

DAVID MARK
Bessemer City, N.C.

Sir,

If the Japanese think the behavior of some of our baseball players is atrocious, imagine what they would think of the carry-on of some of our coaches or managers, such as Billy Martin, Lefty Driesell, Woody Hayes or Tommy Heinsohn. If deposed Japanese managers are sent to the U.S. to learn how to play baseball, perhaps we could send some of our athletes and managers to Japan to learn respect and how to act in a mature fashion.

MICHAEL MCCARTHY
Richmond

Sir,

The Japanese practice of team unity or *wa* is weird. Why should a self-respecting jock put good manners and team welfare ahead of his own ego? The old adage—It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game—was never intended for professional sports. The Japanese pro athlete should put his priorities in order: 1) No. 1, 2) winning or losing, and 3) how you play the game.

PAUL LA BOTZ
Munheim, Pa.

BARTA'S WAY

Sir,

Re *Ole, the Joys of Losing Fish* (Oct. 1). Fred Barta is quoted as saying (after supposedly seeing the light and switching to six-pound-test line for big-game fish): "In our society the only thing that counts is a fish on the dock—results." And referring to his "pre-enlightenment days," he says, "Ha, the Fred Barta of those days would be out there with a harpoon, filling the boat with sharks, to impress the people on the dock."

And what is he doing today? Spending an inordinate amount of time and money losing fish and "spending up to 25 hours a week studying kinetic-energy tables, test strengths, hook designs, reel drags and reel-spool dynamics." So as not to impress the people on the dock? Come on! He is trying to set light-tackle records to impress people to get the dock and readers of the IGFA record book.

If Barta really wants to be a sportsman, let him realize fishing is a contemplative and relaxing sport. Let him, like the best big-game anglers today, enjoy the fish for the fight, then tag and release it for migration studies. True fishing is not a competitive sport.

JACK SAMSON
Editor
Field & Stream
New York City

Address editorial mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

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